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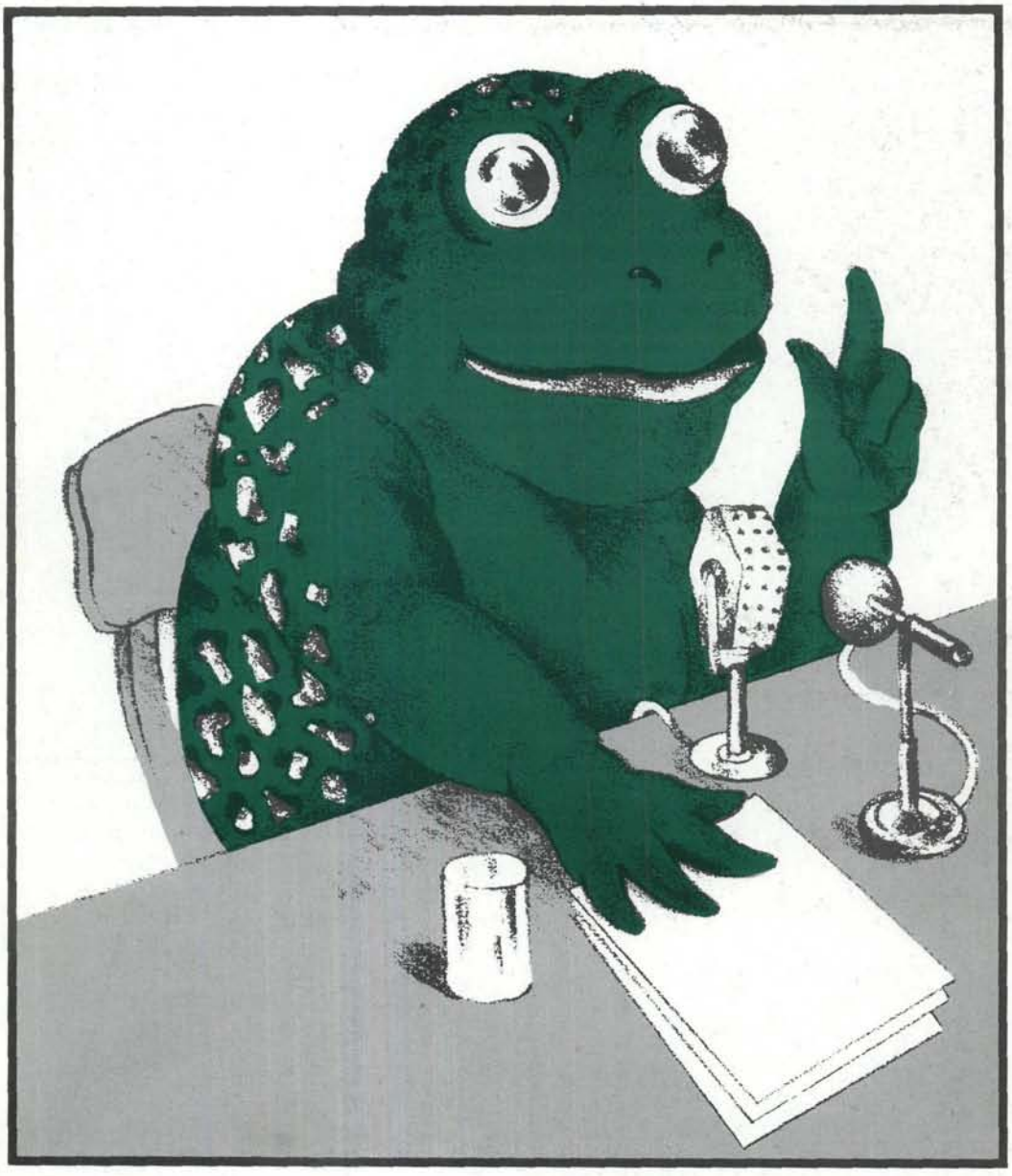

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TRB

from Washington ®
June 18, 1977

Good Reactors and Bad

You feel you need a space helmet at the House hearings on nuclear power, where witnesses are talking about the year 2200 (let alone 2004), and about atomic bombs, and about enigmatic substances like plutonium and thorium that may either fuel the world or blow it up (or both), and where the congressmen have the sober look of middle-aged men peering over an abyss and wishing they were home.

The hearings, which went on last week, ask what to do with the two billion dollar Clinch River reactor project at Oak Ridge, Tenn.: whether to mothball it as urged by President Carter, or to continue it as voted by the House Science Committee. (The House International Relations Committee, which also claims jurisdiction, voted with Carter.)

France has the equivalent of a Clinch River project called the Phoenix Project, and some of the congressmen who are just back from the European air show warn that France is going ahead with it, whatever Carter and the Americans do.

Witnesses are James Schlesinger, White House energy adviser, white haired and ruddy-faced, and Robert Fri, acting head of the Energy Research and Development Administration, who comes from Kansas and whose name looks like a calendar abbreviation. He slouches in his chair in a brown suit. Each man has a pipe and intermittently emits a dense mushroom shaped cloud.

These people speak to each other mostly in acronyms, and it is wise to bring a glossary. For instance Clinch River is CRBRP (Clinch River Breeder Reactor Project) and at one point Fri explains, "The CRBRP was designed to demonstrate that an LMFBR can operate safely." You instantly grasp that he refers to a Liquid Metal Fast Breeder Reactor.

The last time we watched Schlesinger he was before Congress pleading for billions for nuclear weapons as Secretary of Defense; now everything is quaintly reversed, he is pleading with Congress not to spend billions for a breeder reactor. He is trying to help Mr. Carter keep America out of a different kind of international race, involving breeders, not bombs. Of course the two issues are connected because laughing Nature, in one of her merriest pranks, has provided a radioactive element, uranium, that can be used for either. It's up to us.

Private utility corporations have a big stake in the decision Congress is about to make because they have invested in Clinch River, as they have in the big nuclear reprocessing plant at Barnwell, South Carolina. You can sympathize with them because the government encouraged them to make the investment. The reversal in policy by Presidents Ford and Carter is one of the sharpest in history; a lot of Congressmen aren't convinced of its wisdom and the utilities are sponsoring an advertising campaign to keep the projects going in spite of Carter.

Congressmen listen to Schlesinger skeptically. Two Republicans ask if the US isn't going to be left behind in the nuclear fuel race. They are Hamilton Fish, Jr. of New York and Barry Goldwater, Jr. of California. In one case papa headed the first great House Un-American Activities Committee, in the other case papa ran for President. Now they're in the nuclear age.

The observer hears that there are "good" reactors and "bad" reactors. The good ones are the ordinary, uncomplicated commercial power plants that burn the uranium fuel. There are 62 in the country today making a valuable addition to scarce energy supplies and producing a lot of America's electricity—45,000 megawatts of it, with "mega" standing for a million. Each 1000 megawatts produces about 30 tons of spent fuel a year. It's this spent fuel that all the trouble's about. The waste is radioactive, contains plutonium and is capable of being turned into energy itself. That's the hitch.

The theory has been that this lethal by-product, suitably processed, would be turned over to the second type of nuclear facility, the breeder reactor, so named because it creates more fuel than it consumes; it breeds the stuff. In his testimony Schlesinger agreed that the breeder could theoretically increase uranium efficiency 60 times, a kind of perpetual-motion machine. But now the

(continued on page 42)

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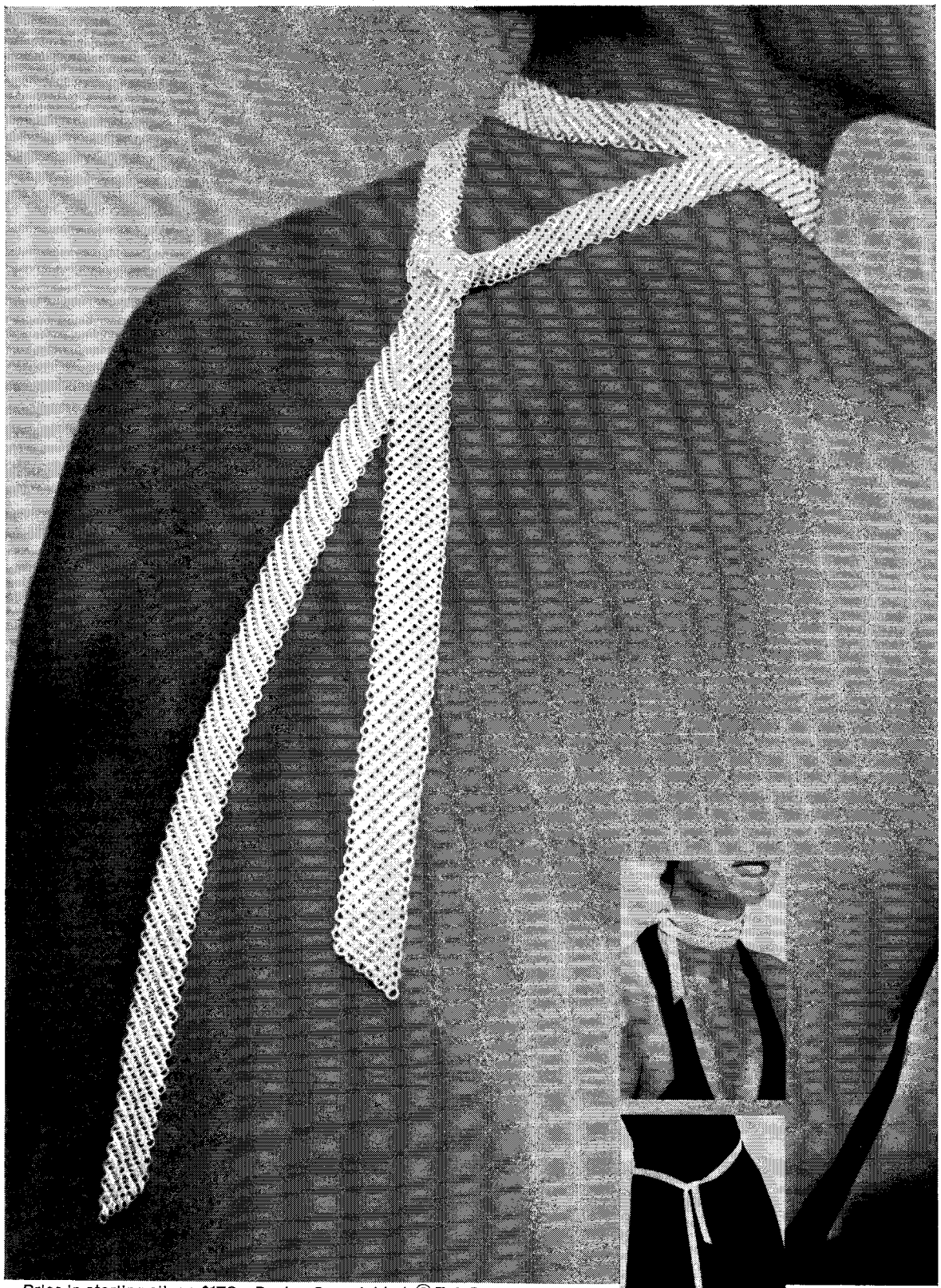

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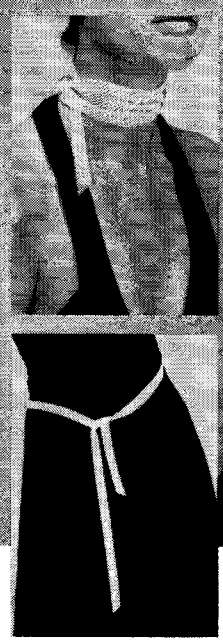

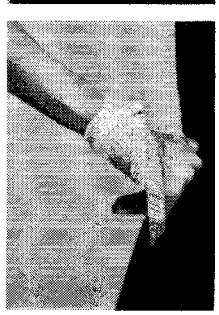

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THE NEW REPUBLIC

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THE NEW REPUBLIC

June 18, 1977

Diminishing Democracy By Enlarging It

"The same voices that opposed women's suffrage, registration of blacks and the 18-year old vote are at work," charges Democratic National Chairman Kenneth Curtis. Curtis is referring to the down-the-line opposition by Republicans in Congress to the highest priority item in President Carter's election reform package—universal voter registration. The plan, scheduled to reach the House floor later this month, would permit a citizen of voting age with an appropriate identity card (such as a driver's license) to show up at the polls on election day, register and vote for President, Senator and Representative.

Let's get the politics of this proposition up front. Last November, 45 million Americans who were eligible to vote did not cast ballots. A substantial proportion of these were not registered, and it is a fair guess that most of the non-registrants are nominally or potentially Democrats. That likelihood is agreed to on both sides of the aisle, and it is public knowledge that President Carter's advisers have told him that liberalization of registration laws and procedures could be crucial to his reelection efforts. But universal registration is being sold and resisted for other reasons besides the fact that it constitutes another leg up for the majority party.

Voter turnout reached a modern high of 63 percent in 1960 and has dropped steadily ever since, down to 53 percent in last year's election. For reasons not altogether clear, this decline in voting is commonly regarded as a certain indication that the democracy is faltering. Voting is good citizenship, say the civics texts, and when people stay away in droves, *something* must be wrong and something must be done about it. So the administration's impulse to act hinges on the unstated theory that when participation falls below a heretofore unspecified level, the federal government acquires the duty to prime the pump, to devise some means to stimulate turnout.

The administration's theory is that non-voters are being deterred by restrictive and unnecessary registration requirements. Attorney General Griffin Bell focused this argument when he told the House Administration Committee that most state registration laws constituted a form of discrimination against "those who are less educated, less affluent, more urban and nonwhite" by making it harder for them to vote. Bell did not supply many particulars. But it is true that the US remains the only major democracy where the responsibility to register lies entirely with the citizen; and thus laziness, indifference, inconvenience and forgetfulness are free to prey upon the turnout statistics. It is also true that in the last two states where universal registration was tried last year, Minnesota and Wisconsin, voter turnout increased by three and a half percent.

And it is possible that some aspects of our current registration system constitute an abridgment or denial of the right to vote. If so, they should be struck down, go the way of literacy tests and lengthy residency

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requirements. The Attorney General is in a good position to effect that change. But it is quite a different proposition to dislodge a registration procedure (in effect since the turn of the century) in an effort to produce a higher turnout at the polls. We believe it is the obligation of the federal government to eliminate unreasonable or arbitrary barriers to the free exercise of the franchise, but not to assure that a certain acceptable level of voters exercise that franchise.

What if election day registration doesn't work? What if we abandon preregistration in return for the same marginal increases nationwide as were recorded in Minnesota and Wisconsin, then discover that the same tendency toward declining participation reappears? What next? Voting by telephone? Forcing people to vote? After all, recent declines in voting have coincided precisely with the elimination of most major barriers to registration, suggesting that there may be other causes for declining participation.

Indeed there are. In the past few years, voting analysts have begun to chart a change in the meaning of the response, "I am not interested in politics." Lack of interest used to mean apathy; it distinguished the passive, quiescent citizen from those for whom politics were relevant or important. Now expressions of disinterest have come to indicate a conscious rejection of politics rather than an apathetic withdrawal. A majority of citizens who tell pollsters they have no interest in politics are disenchanted or distrustful. Many citizens don't vote because they don't think their vote counts for much or they don't consider voting an effective way to achieve change. During last year's primaries, where overall turnout was about one third, they added another reason, one that is a more fundamental indictment of the democratic process. "I'm not voting because I don't want to feel responsible for the result," is what they said.

Following Indochina and Watergate, respect for American institutions and leaders dropped to an all time low. Jimmy Carter knows all this. It elected him. Why is it so surprising that declining confidence on the part of citizens shows up in a short-term trend toward non-voting? Universal registration masks the symptoms, but it doesn't treat the cause. It won't help cure the underlying attitudes of frustration and disbelief to temporarily hype the voting turnout statistics.

In opposing universal voter registration, Republicans have raised the spectre of massive fraud. This has been brushed aside as partisan scare tactics. It is quite true that there were no instances of fraud last year in Minnesota and Wisconsin. There almost never are in those states. We would find the evidence more convincing if it came from Mingo County, West Virginia; East Los Angeles, California; Newark, New Jersey; Philadelphia, Pennsylvania; Cook County or East St. Louis, Illinois; Providence, Rhode Island; Baltimore, Maryland; or Plaquemines or St. Bernard parish in Louisiana; or some of the other places around the country where election fraud is, or until recently has been, a way of life. Election officials from some of these places—Democrats as well as Republicans—have argued vigorously against universal registration on the grounds that the proposed guarantees against fraud will not protect the integrity of the system. Who should know better?

In fact, the proposed safeguards in the administration's bill are clearly inadequate. Of course there would no longer be an official, certified list of all eligible voters, nor any possibility of signature verification. The bill provides for a post-election audit of five percent of all election day registrants. What happens when it is found that some of these were deceased voters reincarnated for one more day of good citizenship? Precisely nothing, because with the secret ballot there is no way of knowing whether or how these post-mortem voters affected the outcome. A party leader in Baltimore said, "This legislation will make a crook out of me." The temptation to steal will be so great and the system will make it so easy, he says, that he'll have to do it on grounds that his counterpart would never be able to resist.

We believe the problem of potential fraud is quite serious and the Democrats are making a serious mistake in treating it as a partisan matter. A memorandum prepared in the criminal division of the Justice Department details some of the fears of those who must prosecute electoral fraud. The memorandum makes clear that fraud is widespread in both state and federal elections, and that the proposed safeguards in the current bill are not only inadequate to police the new registrants, but would eliminate the bases for most successful vote fraud prosecutions under current laws.

We are being asked to trade off any serious hope of protecting the integrity of the voting lists in return for potentially higher turnout. With the safeguards gone, the public will be more receptive to charges of electoral fraud. And if those who forewarn of wholesale fraud are remotely correct in their estimates, the whole business will surely continue the spiral of declining confidence in the American political process.

The Carter electoral reform package also includes abolition of the electoral college (see "A Bad Idea Whose Time Has Come," *TNR*, May 7). One problem we have with that idea is the danger of a deadlock and demands for a recount if the vote is close. Consider what happens when these two proposals are combined. Ballot tampering, which now usually is restricted to local races, would carry an enormous premium: the stakes involved in election fraud are just as high as the power of the elective offices in dispute. One fraudulent presidential vote in Philadelphia will be precisely equal to one legitimate vote cast in Minneapolis. In the case of a close election—like 1960 when Kennedy beat Nixon by 110,000 out of 68 million votes cast—the validity of every vote in the country would be thrown into doubt,

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Correspondence

Manpower draft?

To the editors:
In your June 4 issue David Fromkin surveyed America's worldwide military commitments ("Drawing the Line") and asserted that we should keep these commitments but, in order to economize on costs, we should reintroduce the enslavement of young Americans with a draft law. I say to hell with that!

I subscribe to two Republican-oriented newspapers and can get all of that kind of thinking without reading *The New Republic*. I think a manpower draft should be the absolute last in conscription; if it is installed at all, it should come after we've drafted banks, factories, land and the other necessities of war.

Young men have carried our war burdens long enough and it's time we eliminate war profiteers and arms profiteers. Then we might consider a manpower draft.

Curtis C. Huff
Siloam Springs, Arkansas

The Lahey Clinic

To the editors:
There is much to be said in support of Eliot Marshall's critique of escalating hospital costs and over-building ("The Great Hospital War," *TNR*, May 28).

His unfavorable comments about the planned construction by the Lahey Clinic of a major hospital and an expanded out-patient clinic to serve the suburban belt around Boston, as well as the Clinic's constituency in the city and throughout the world, however, in my view, are unwarranted.

Mr. Marshall acknowledges that the Lahey Clinic is "a private foundation with an excellent reputation." I can confirm this observation from my own experience with the Clinic, which has rendered excellent medical care both to me and to members of my family for many years.

Like Mr. Marshall, I have had the opportunity to examine the plan for the projected Lahey hospital and clinic. Although I do not profess to match his expertise, I an not entirely lacking in competence in this area. For several years, I have been a trustee of the Kaiser Health Plan and hospitals and, before then, in my capacity as counsel for the Steelworkers Union, I negotiated contracts providing for coverage for California steelworkers under the Kaiser Plan.

In Kaiser's case, a judicious mix and use of out-patient clinics and hospitals has resulted in great economies to the now three million subscribers to the plan, which has been justly described as the outstanding health maintenance organization in the country.

As I understand it, a similar mix of clinic and hospital is the essence of the Lahey plan. This, too, should result in economies which will militate against the burgeoning hospital costs predicted by Mr. Marshall.

The Lahey plan contemplates a clinic and hospital in the Boston suburbs, presently not as well served as Boston, which will help to meet the needs of these growing communities, as well as others, and also make available to the smaller hospitals in the area consultants, sophisticated equipment and other facilities too expensive for them to purchase.

Perhaps the best guarantee that the Lahey hospital will not go into bankruptcy, as predicted by Mr. Marshall, is that the plan has been thoroughly reviewed and approved by the outstanding and dedicated doctors, administrators and staff of the Lahey Clinic and also by the outside trustees of the Clinic and HEW.

Arthur J. Goldberg
Washington, DC

In reply:
Dedicated doctors and outstanding public officials approved the Faulkner Hospital before it was built, but despite their care, and despite the HUD bailout loan of 1976, the Faulkner today hovers at the brink of financial ruin. There is good reason to believe that if the new Lahey Clinic is built, it will find itself in the same fix.

Eliot Marshall

Keogh was OK

To the editors:
In his otherwise interesting piece on the Carter administration's ambassadorial choices ("The Amateur Hour," *TNR*, May 28), Tad Szulc makes clear his preference for a certain breed of diplomat. That's his prerogative, and his writing never fails to inform the reader of his view of what the foreign policy establishment ought to look like and what types of policies it ought to be formulating and implementing.

But he does get off an undeserved cheap shot at the recently retired Director of the United States Information Agency, James Keogh. While it is undoubtedly true that the new Director, John Reinhardt, will become an outstanding Director, it is also true that Keogh and his Deputy Director, Eugene P. Kopp (who served for several months as Acting Director), were excellent and dedicated men. They were not, as Szulc charges, "political hacks." And I think that were Szulc to survey opinion at USIA and in the Government, he'd find that they earned the respect and trust of their colleagues.

Richard V. Allen
Washington, DC

The 28th Amendment

To the editors:
Your May 7 editorial, "A Bad Idea Whose Time Has Come," very correctly points out the dangers to the American constitutional system which would result from replacement of the electoral college with the Bayh plan for direct popular election of the president and vice president.

It still remains a fact, however, that in the present system there lies the possibility of the frustration of the will of the majority of the American people. I would propose that the system be altered, not in the radical manner proposed by Senator Bayh, but just enough to remove the principal objections to the electoral college without affecting its stabilizing and moderating effect on the political process. I suggest a constitutional amendment which would

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provide for election of the president and vice president by an absolute majority of the popular vote, but, failing that, candidates receiving a plurality of the popular vote would be elected provided they received a majority of the electoral vote under the present system. Finally, if no candidates met these criteria, the election would go to a joint session of Congress with each member having one vote.

Changing the system in this way would require some accompanying modifications to assure equitability. Voter registration laws should be uniform from state to state, and the limited role of electoral votes would perhaps be better played by votes automatically cast on a statewide winner-take-all basis rather than continuing to employ human electors.

This system is admittedly complex, but it is much simpler and much less expensive than a nationwide runoff election. Consider the plight of the country following a first election in which, say, 23 sets of candidates participated, facing a runoff between Louise Day Hicks and Ralph Abernathy; or the bitterness and frustration which would have resulted from that switch of 9200 votes in Ohio and Hawaii.

Carey E. Stronach
Petersburg, Virginia

Robert Bowie

To the editors:

I was astonished to find the pages of *The New Republic* used for a scurrilous attack on Robert Bowie ("Deputies are Forever," *TNR*, Apr. 23). One learns to repress the impulse to respond to all the villification and indiscriminate abuse to which one's friends in public life are almost inevitably subjected. The allegations in the article published in *The New Republic*, however, are so irresponsible and so manifestly vindictive as to require some form of comment.

The article contains one accurate statement. Robert Bowie is 67 years old. This statement is made in the context of a number of pejorative attributions designed to identify Mr. Bowie, rather hazily, with policies which are relatively old and therefore, in the author's opinion at least, *discredited*. Those who know Mr. Bowie well would certainly agree that his career has been remarkable for a rather rigid adherence to certain long standing characteristics and principles. These include unimpeachable integrity, an extraordinary capacity for intellectual clarity and objective factual analysis and a total disregard of personal consequences in promoting his understanding of the public welfare. If these are old fashioned qualities Mr. Bowie has them in abundance.

However my purpose in writing is not really to try to deal with personal slander. My concern is that the article might induce in some a serious impression that responsibility for the formulation of American intelligence estimates is not in competent hands.

The author's complaints about Mr. Bowie's official conduct and performance consist for the most part of a miasma of innuendo which is very difficult to deal with.

All of the distinguished individuals for whom Mr. Bowie has worked or with whom he has been associated will testify to his intellectual competence and capacity for creative and imaginative thinking. His was clearly the paramount beneficent intellectual influence in the State Department at certain periods in the '50s. He was not only the founder of the Center of International Affairs at Harvard but provided the moral leadership and intellectual standards on which its international reputation is based.

Perhaps the best example of the perversity of the charges against Mr. Bowie in this article is the allegation that he was unable—was never able—to perceive the importance of the developing areas. The fact is that Mr. Bowie, in the relatively early 1950s, was urging the importance of attention to the North-South problem, and the importance of relations with what was then called underdeveloped areas, long before most people, in private life or government, had ever heard of the problem. Working through the Policy Planning Staff of the State Department, of which he was then head, Mr. Bowie was largely responsible for the establishment of the Development Loan Fund.

All in all, through this article, a great injustice has been done to a distinguished public servant.

John A. Bross
McLean, Virginia

In reply:

"One's friends" make passionate but awkward defenders. Mr. Bross's letter refutes no statement of fact in my article. I was not writing, of course, about Mr. Bowie's integrity, but rather the quality of the ethic and policies he served in public life. As for opinion and interpretation—whether the Dulles era policies are commendable, the virtues of Bowie's "rigid adherence to certain long standing characteristics and principles," whether our intelligence estimates are now in good hands under Bowie's "understanding of the public welfare"—I leave to the record. But Mr. Bross's shrill anger is itself interesting; it represents the sense of a *droit de seigneur* immunity in which the foreign affairs elite has never been subjected to the sort of hard-hitting public profiles applicable to other mortals. I can understand it is a sad shock after all these eyars.

Roger Morris

Gone by the boards

To the editors:

With almost every issue received of *TNR*, I'm becoming more peeved. It's difficult to recall specifically the articles I take issue with, but over the past year or more there have been many.

A case in point is your defense of the electoral college. The strained logic of that piece puts me in mind of the kind of logic employed by Phyllis Schlafly against ERA.

During most of the 1976 presidential campaign your constant bumrapping of Carter was offensive—almost character assassination. Though I empathized with John Osborne's criticisms of Nixon and Ford, with Carter it too often is nitpicking. Admittedly I'm partial, but one questions his subjective evaluation of Carter's motives.

Finally, on the subject of Israel, *TNR* is paranoid. Apparently Israel can do no wrong . . . Arab nations can do no right. Baloney—the Middle East issue needs examination from both sides, of which *TNR* seems incapable.

The delicate balance between middle-of-the-road politics and liberal left philosophizing which *TNR* maintained so deftly a few years ago seems to have gone by the boards. A much more strident note is hit in strangely obtuse ways now.

Dorothy Willey
Oak Park, Illinois

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and chaos could result.

Turnout in America was highest during the latter decades of the 19th century, but the 70 and 80 percent levels were swelled by notorious double voting. Voter registration was initially instituted around the turn of the century precisely to reduce such fraud. From the day the reform began, however, it had the accompanying effect of diminishing the size of the electorate by calling on citizens to do more than merely turn up or be turned up at the polls.

Focusing exclusively on turnout percentages obscures some grounds for optimism which may be found in electoral trends today. With the growth of voter independence from the straight party-line habit, voting is more sophisticated and conforms more closely than ever to the textbook model of an informed, issue-oriented electorate. Ticket-splitting is on the upswing; ideology and issues are more important even as they are muted by television's leveling effects; and traditionally inactive segments of the electorate are seeking representation and political expression through the ballot box.

There is something to be said for the American textbook model of citizenship. Voting, to paraphrase John Stuart Mill in his essay on de Tocqueville, is one of the things the individual does for the public; not only is the commonweal his weal—it partly depends on his exertions. Representative democracy should not be judged on the basis of how many people can be hectored, cajoled, shammed or trucked to the polls, but on how many citizens will take the trouble to properly qualify, inform themselves and willingly discharge the franchise. Voting should be made as easy and convenient as possible so long as ease, convenience and turnout are not valued ahead of the integrity and the substance of the democratic process itself.

Anne Blaine Harrison

"Where there is an unknowable there is a promise." These words of Thornton Wilder's held a special meaning for Nancy Harrison as she faced death. They also suggest the extent of the unknowable in Nancy herself: Philanthropist, civic worker, humanitarian, patron of the arts, churchwoman, wife, mother, friend.

Now, some weeks after her death, Washington is just beginning to measure its loss. And Washington's loss is always also that of the nation. Our capital city is rarely thought of as a potential object for love. Yet love of city was thought a virtue, a strength, among the ancients. Nancy Harrison loved our city with that kind of love, and all those who are of our city, whether they knew her or not, will feel now her final absence.

She believed in the people of Washington, in their power to generate community among themselves, in their ability to govern their city. She believed that the children of Washington were full of promise and that promise could flower with nurture and education. She inspired, cajoled, persuaded—and, yes, scolded others into the same belief. But, most important of all, she worked to make it true.

To Nancy Harrison work was "love made visible." She worked in project after project, in neighborhood building, in local and national campaigns. Where she discerned no structure for change, she worked to create one. She helped to fund and found, for example, the DC Citizens for Public Education, a citizens' watchdog organization whose research on important educational issues, whose recognition of excellence in teachers and students, has affected education here and throughout the country. Its research was the basis for a program, now national, to put good reading into the hands of young children; its street law program is imitated in 10 states. Nancy was not content to fund and serve on the board of this innovative organization, but worked day after day as its executive director for six years. Just months before she died she resigned from that responsibility, but she continued to work and serve the community in a different but related way in the office of the Planning and Management Assistance Project. Thus, she lived love in action until the very end, taking each day as one more opportunity in the spirit of a poem by Dryden which she carried everywhere with her, "Tomorrow, do thy worst, for I have lived today."

One very close to her has said that in Nancy the public and the private virtues were very like. She had the same bracing faith in the promise of her family and friends, the same vigorous love which refused to pity, which accepted and built upon what was possible. "She believed that whatever had to be faced, could be faced, and must be faced, even death, even her own." But she was completely human in sharing pain and joy, hope and triumph; she brought indignation and strong feelings to the solving of problems; she delighted in chit chat and the exchange of news, in extending hospitality, in weaving the strands that bind us together.

In an age of discontinuity, when so many are satisfied with the feeling and the talk of passages and changes, Nancy Harrison was whole and continuous, herself from beginning to end. She struggled and grew, matured, ripened and mellowed, but she was always the same. She was in the direct line of those great 19th century American women who, when they found themselves excluded from full rights in the new democracy, set about "ennobling the sphere society allotted to them," and took a central role within the web of institutions—family, school, church—that shaped our communities, taking issue with one injustice after the other as they did so. With them she felt that privilege implied obligation.

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This is the time of year when Nancy and Gilbert Harrison gathered their friends together to say goodbye for the summer. The trees are in full shade now in Washington and the first roses are blooming. On the Vineyard, their summer home, the meadow grasses undulate in the sea wind, the Scotch broom is yellow, and beach plum is in flower. In the renewed promise of this summer of her last goodbye, we accept the promise of the unknowable.

Abigail McCarthy

Abigail McCarthy is the author of *Circles: A Washington Story*, to be published this month.

White House Watch

A Policy Is Born

The new policy of foreign arms sales control and restraint that was announced at the White House on May 19 resulted from one of 18 "prims"—for PRM, or Presidential Review Memoranda—that Zbigniew Brzezinski and a few assistants who were to join his and Jimmy Carter's National Security Council staff prepared before the inauguration. To the extent that it can be pieced together despite a White House rule forbidding participants in foreign and national security policy studies to discuss the process or even identify themselves as participants, here is the story of how this particular policy was developed.

Inasmuch as candidate Carter declared his intention to reduce the volume of US foreign arms sales in a campaign speech last June and reiterated it on January 23, in the first interview he gave as President, one may ask what was left to study. The answer was, how to do what the President wanted done, and this proved to be a far more complicated question than Carter, Brzezinski and many others concerned realized at the start. The PRM ordering the study was issued January 26 and Carter, a nut for deadlines, set March 15 as the deadline for responses from the State and Defense departments, the Arms Control and Disarmament Agency, CIA and several other agencies. A set of options was finally presented to and debated by the NSC's Policy Review Committee, usually and in this instance chaired by Secretary of State Cyrus Vance, on April 12. The recommendations agreed upon and the differences recorded at this meeting were summarized for the President and reviewed by him during the following four weeks. His choices among the recommendations and options offered him were announced by him in a policy statement which said in its core passage: " . . . I have concluded that the United States will henceforth view arms transfers as an exceptional foreign policy implement, to be used only in instances where it can be clearly demonstrated that the transfer contributes to our national security interests. We will continue to use arms transfers to promote our security and the security of our close friends. But, in the future, the burden of persuasion will be on those who favor a particular arms sale, rather than [on] those who oppose it."

The term "arms transfers" as used by the President means sales by the US government to other governments of weapons systems, munitions and technology ordered from and produced in most instances by private industry and weapons-related services that may be provided by either private or governmental, usually military, personnel. More than $32 billion worth of previously approved "foreign military sales" of this kind are in the pipeline, will take years to fulfill, and are not affected by the new policy. Commercial or producer-to-government sales are separately controlled under federal license and amount to peanuts compared with government-to-government sales. In fiscal 1976, the latest year tabulated, these sales totaled $8.66 billion. The only items amounting to $1 billion or more in the 1976 total were aircraft ($2.4 billion), missiles ($1.15 billion) and "technical assistance and special services" ($1.39 billion). The recent growth of US foreign arms sales, the growth Carter is determined to halt with his new policy, is dramatized by comparison of the 1976 total of $8.66 billion with the total of $11.7 billion in such sales in the 16 fiscal years 1950 to 1966.

The complexity of the control problem is illustrated by some of the difficulties that arose and some of the issues that were in sharpest dispute during the study and the period of decision that followed the study. Leslie Gelb, director of State's horribly named Bureau of Politico-Military Affairs and chairman of the interdepartmental study group, found that it took him three weeks just to comprehend the problem and get effectively started toward solutions. He also discovered in the first weeks that Henry Kissinger during his last months at State had secretly ordered a similar study and that some officials down the line were regurgitating memoranda they had prepared for Kissinger. Brzezinski's deputy at the White House, David Aaron, and Jessica Tuchman of the NSC staff jumped Gelb in February and told him to get going, for God's sake, but they didn't blame him for the delay. The White House view was that State, Defense and other bureaucrats who had been happily living for years with a policy of maximum arms sales didn't want any real restraints and were cloaking obstruction of the desired new policy with all sorts of subterfuges and technicalities.

One target of this sort of White House suspicion was

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actually a Carter appointee and newcomer at State, Lucy Wilson Benson, Gelb's immediate superior and the under secretary for security assistance. According to Stephen Ledogar, an assistant to Mrs. Benson who worked with her on the study, the version of her role that I heard at the White House is erroneous and unfair. She was said among other things to have argued for a definition of the weapons systems to be covered by the new policy so narrow that only about 40 percent of sales in dollar volume would be subjected to presidential restraint. Vance, the Policy Review Committee and finally Carter were said to have rejected her definition and adopted a much broader one covering about 85 percent of sales measured in dollar volume. Ledogar said that Mrs. Benson actually advocated an overall definition close to the adopted one. He said she also urged concentration, though not exclusive concentration, upon advanced, high-technology weapons systems that would account for perhaps 40 percent of the total. As for the view that Mrs. Benson covertly opposed and obstructed development of the new policy, Ledogar said this was utterly false. Another department official involved in the study agreed with him in effect, saying the differences of view described at the White House either never existed or were never serious.

Another target of similar suspicion down the working line but not at the White House so far as I know was Lieut. General Howard Fish, director of the Defense Security Assistance Agency at the Pentagon. DSAA executes and supervises foreign military sales once they are approved. General Fish insisted during the study, as he argues at congressional hearings, that indiscriminate use of annual sales totals distorts the actual problem and the actual potential for control and reduction. He told a House committee in April, for instance, that "only about 36 percent of sales agreements signed during fiscal 1976 [the $8.66 billion total] were for weapons, ammunition or munitions" and two thirds of the 68 countries which signed agreements that year "did not purchase any combat aircraft, ships, missiles, tanks, armored personnel carriers or self-propelled artillery." They bought services and non-combat items ranging from medical supplies and telephones to English language training. Fish annoyed control zealots with statistics showing that, given the complete exemption of certain "treaty allies" (NATO countries, Australia and New Zealand, and Japan) from the new restraints and the provision for "presidential exceptions" from the general rule for Israel, Korea, Taiwan and Spain among others, the proportion of total sales open to effective reduction is pretty low. It's even lower if only weapons and munitions are considered. In the Middle East, where the biggest non-allied and non-European sales occur, the $1.9 billion worth of weapons and munitions covered by 1976 sales agreements included $567 million for Israel, $419 million for Iran and $241 million for Saudi Arabia. Mrs. Benson at State took much the same approach, used similar figures, and annoyed some of the same people.

Whether and how to distinguish Israel from the run of arms buyers was a subject of much argument. Pro-Israel members of Congress and Stuart Eizenstat, the President's assistant for domestic affairs, urged that the policy statement include a specific reaffirmation of unimpaired US support. Some officials felt that it would be better to leave the obvious unsaid; others, that such other countries with binding supply agreements as South Korea, Taiwan and Spain should be included in any reference. Carter settled for a simple statement that "we . . . will honor our historic responsibilities to assure the security of the state of Israel."

Another debated issue was whether the varied factors involved in arms sales really permitted the global policy approach and statement that Carter wanted. Leslie Gelb, for example, initially thought that any sensible statement would have to be broken down into regional segments reflecting regional differences. A larger issue was whether the demand for arms and services and the habit of meeting that demand were so imbedded in US policy and world-wide relationships that significant reduction was in fact impossible. Brzezinski warned Carter before the study directive was issued that a question to be faced was (paraphrasing Brzezinski) "how to accommodate the desire for restraint of arms sales to the country's explicit and implicit commitments." This seems to have been as close as anybody came to suggesting to Carter that his declared aim might be impractical or at best beyond full accomplishment.

A technical issue typical of several others that aroused sharp controversy was whether to impose a fixed dollar ceiling on annual sales to be permitted under the new policy. General Fish argued strongly against it. Brzezinski, among others, was persuaded before Carter was that it would be unenforceable and harmfully rigid and mechanistic. In any event, a ceiling to be meaningful would have to be related to total sales arranged in the present fiscal year and that total won't be known for months. Carter was told that it could be anywhere from $8 billion to $11 billion and he wound up with a vague promise that "the dollar volume . . . in FY 1978 will be reduced from the FY 1977 total."

COMING:
Star Wars
For Real

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The essence of the new policy and the best indication that it may come to something worthwhile despite the complexities is simply that a President who wants to curb arms sales has reserved to himself the authority, previously vested in the State Department, to approve or disapprove all sales agreements of any magnitude. Soon after the policy was announced, Carter suspended the proposed sale of some attack planes to Pakistan and was said to be close to rejecting Iran's request for permission to purchase 250 dual purpose attack and interceptor aircraft with an order that could run to $4 billion or more. The President's ultimate aim is to reduce worldwide arms sales by all suppliers, including the Soviet Union. If this hope is to be realized, even in part, the biggest European suppliers—West Germany, France and Britain—will have to agree not only to restrain their sales but to reject orders that the US government has refused to fill. The German, French and British governments have just agreed to discuss the matter at a conference with US officials. That isn't much in itself, but it's more than some pessimists expected.

John Osborne

Revisionist sentiments of an old anti-monarchist.

Vivat Regina

The jubilee of Elizabeth II has proved to be an event, and not just a celebration, in this country no less than in Britain. I mean by this that it has been talked about, and written about extensively, as something that requires attention and explanation. It is an anachronism. It is tinsel. It is bunting. But it has also been felt and found to be more. When as solemn a political columnist as David Broder spreads his wings into a romantic and utterly delightful bow to the Queen, it is worth considering what it all means.

Twenty-five years ago, that fine American sociologist, Edward Shils, examined the coronation ceremony to discover the inner meaning of its elaborate ritual. When he turned his attention to the crowds on the street, he was most affected by the report of the Metropolitan Police that they did not have to bother about pickpockets in the crowds on such royal occasions. Even the criminal classes were transformed for the day into righteous loyal subjects, and with that Edward Shils more or less confessed that he was dealing with something which passeth all understanding.

I myself think that the monarchy should be quietly laid to rest. Elizabeth herself has said that "when we go, we will go quietly." But this does not make the phenomenon any the less real as long as it lasts. It has been interesting to notice that under the pictures of the Queen that have appeared in the American press during the past week, she has usually been identified only as "The Queen." She does not have to be identified as the Queen of Great Britain; it is not imagined that she will be confused with the Queen of Denmark or the Queen of Tonga; she is simply "The Queen." This tells us something: that the monarchy in Britain is understood to be a unique survival, and not one amongst many.

I happened to be in Westminster Abbey for the coronation, one of the three reporters of *The Times* of London. It was typical of *The Times* in those days that one of its reporters was actually in the procession as Arundel Herald Extraordinary, dressed in his tabard, gold and red and blue, and carrying his wand; and so dressed he returned to the office to type his story. The rest of us were in a specially constructed gallery, where we had to be in our seats five hours before the ceremony began. The gallery was complete with temporary toilets; I suppose I am one of the few people in the world who has legitimately defecated high in the south transept of Westminster Abbey.

I happened to be sitting immediately behind Rebecca West. She made the bitchiest comments during those long hours, especially when Aneurin Bevan strode into the gallery opposite, flamboyantly wearing only a lounge suit, with his wife, Jennie Lee, in a cloud of white chiffon. Rebecca West leaned back in her seat: "I suppose that Jennie thinks it is her wedding." But when the ceremony began, all doubts were stilled. Rebecca West's back stiffened; so did Aneurin Bevan's; so did Jennie Lee's; so did mine. It was not just a play we were watching.

The slender young Queen entering the Abbey in panoply, to be stripped until she stood in a mere shift, then to be given her robes and the symbols of her power by her subjects, her power *theirs* to give; the brilliant colors of the heraldic orders, the age-honored words and the sheer pagaentry of the music; the shouted "Vivats," Long Live the Queen! It was possible for even the most doubting to enter it all sincerely, and be gladdened by it. When it goes, something will go that matters, some last historic link with a past that is every day becoming more and more difficult to recover in our memories.

One can feel this in every American report from London, as one also feels the unaffected tribute to the person of Elizabeth II herself. In almost impossible times for the monarchy, she has not made one false step, and has made many true ones. For she has not reigned without taking risks. She has tried to adapt the monarchy to a new age while at the same time preserving something of the mystery without which it cannot survive, and she has succeeded beyond all expectation. Four centuries ago, in his *The Triumphant Reigne of Kyng Henry the VIII*, Edward Hall wrote that "outward esteem to a great man is as skin to a fruit, which though

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a thin cover, preserveth it." Elizabeth has earned and kept that outward esteem.

But behind the affection for the British monarchy, which is given to no other, there lies perhaps something else—not least in America. It was displayed during her visit here last year, which seemed to be the second high spot of the Bicentennial after the tall ships. There is a deep and moving wish that Britain should rediscover its authority in the family of nations: that its long heritage of order and stability, freedom and tolerance, should again set an example, and contribute the wealth of its experience. I naturally find it moving that this wish is there. We are all said to be searching for roots: here, with something still of majesty, is a tap root of our civilization.

Henry Fairlie

With Mrs. Carter in Latin America.

Rosalynn on the Road

Costa Rica

The contingent of American journalists traveling with Rosalynn in Latin America is made up not of foreign policy or Latin American specialists, but of White House correspondents and reporters from the style sections of major metropolitan newspapers and newsmagazines. Their main task is to watch the First Lady in her daily routine to the most trivial detail. Not surprisingly, much of the Latin American reaction and even some interesting political developments have gone unreported.

Briefed in advance by White House and State Department officials, the press knew that in Jamaica, the first and perhaps most sensitive stop, Mrs. Carter would find a country on the edge of economic collapse with a Socialist government that less than a year ago accused the United States of attempting to "destabilize" it just as it had helped to weaken the Chilean regime of President Salvador Allende.

Mrs. Carter is accompanied by Terence Todman, Assistant Secretary of State for inter-American affairs, and Robert Pastor, the 28-year-old Latin American specialist of the National Security Council who is making his first trip to Latin America. The three of them spent more than seven hours with Jamaican Prime Minister Michael Manley discussing fiscal policies, social reform, relations with Cuba and human rights. Predictably, the press reported the First Lady was asked to tell President Carter that unless Washington agrees to help Jamaica with direct financial assistance and by persuading the Internatioal Monetary Fund to supply balance-of-payment credits without requiring Draconian anti-inflationary policies that would further aggravate unemployment, this impoverished Caribbean nation will turn to Cuba, its close neighbor, with whom it shares ties that go far back in history. Nothing was reported about the quiet negotiations Jamaica has engaged in since before the Carter administration began, not only with the United States but also with Venezuela, Mexico, Colombia, Panama and Costa Rica. These talks already have produced a marked toning down of the Manley government's radical rhetoric in the interest of closer ties with other Latin American countries and the United States. Manley is known to have made plain to his Latin friends—and certainly also to Rosalynn Carter—that his own commitment to democratic institutions rules out Cuba as a political model, despite the need for radical remedies in a society suffering the economic distortion caused by centuries of colonial exploitation.

Here in Costa Rica the journalists traveling with Mrs. Carter were less interested in how a small Central American democracy is able to survive in a region seething with terrorism and military repression than in the fate of Robert Lee Vesco, the fugitive American financier. Vesco's financial contributions to the 1974 political campaign exploded into a major political scandal when former President José Figueres publicly admitted his involvement with Vesco in a recent interview with Ken Bode of *The New Republic* (*TNR*, April 23). An eager State Department official helped stimulate this interest by circulating copies of the *TNR* articles—to the dismay of some members of the White House staff.

Questioned about the Vesco case at a news conference, Mrs. Carter said she had not raised the matter in the course of her talks with the Costa Rican officials, emphasizing that it was being dealt with by the US Justice Department, which is said to be considering another extradition attempt.

In fact, it was the Costa Ricans themselves who brought it up, repeating for Rosalynn Carter what President Oduber had told his cabinet meeting a few days earlier: Vesco has been asked to leave Costa Rica voluntarily within a month and it is understood that he is prepared to return to the United States to defend himself in court against charges that he looted $224 million from his Overseas Investment Fund.

The only international political issue Mrs. Carter was asked about at her press conference was the simmering conflict between Guatemala and Great Britain over Belize, the nationalist name for British Honduras. Last year Guatemala and Britain broke off negotiations; a month ago Guatemala severed diplomatic ties with Panama, which has come out for self-determination for the British colony instead of backing Guatemala's claim for annexation. The First Lady said President Oduber had mentioned the need for some previous agreement before the issue of self-determination versus annexa-

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tion could be dealt with realistically. Costa Rica has proposed that an international committee be set up to define Belize's borders and settle long outstanding, albeit small, territorial claims by Mexico as well as Guatemala, before tackling the major question of political status.

Curiously, no reporter asked Mrs. Carter about the negotiations for a new Panama Canal treaty. After human rights, this is the most urgent issue facing the General Assembly of the Organization of American States when it meets in Grenada on June 14. The progress of the US-Panama treaty negotiations was indeed discussed in great detail when Rosalynn Carter and Terence Todman spent two hours with Costa Rican President Oduber and Foreign Minister Gonzalo Facio. Costa Rican officials said later that the portrayal of President Carter's determination to reach an early agreement on Panama had so impressed Oduber that he decided to fly the next day to Panama to give a first-hand report of the meetings to General Omar Torrijos. The quick, unscheduled trip was characteristic of a new style of diplomacy that has developed around the Panama Canal issue. The United States has been made to understand that the small Isthmus republic no longer stands alone in its quest to regain sovereignty over the disputed Canal Zone. Two years ago, the chiefs of state of Colombia, Costa Rica and Venezuela—with Mexico's endorsement—asked President Ford to celebrate the Bicentennial by restoring the Canal Zone to Panama, in the same spirit of respect for liberty and self-determination that moved the Founding Fathers. The appeal was pretty much ignored by the United States. But the four Latin American heads of state have remained in close consultation with Panama on every detail of the negotiations with Washington ever since, on the assumption that their support may be important in securing Congressional approval once the new treaty is signed.

The main goal of Rosalynn Carter's mission was to impress on all the countries she visited the sincerity of the Carter administration's commitment to human rights and to social and economic progress, complementing the message with a new awareness that what happens in the world is not determined by Washington alone. In planning the trip, the White House made its point by including the countries with constitutional governments—Jamaica, Costa Rica, Colombia and Venezuela; Mexico was omitted because Mrs. Carter had attended the inauguration of President José Lopez Portillo. The itinerary also included stops in three countries where there are at least some prospects of a gradual evolution toward civilian government—Ecuador, Peru and Brazil.

Throughout the trip, Mrs. Carter impressed Latin American officials with her mild style, which often softened the impact of some decisive policy statements, especially in the field of human rights. She impressed diplomats and journalists originally skeptical about the earnestness of her message and her ability to get it across. Nowhere was the success of Rosalynn Carter's approach more evident than in Costa Rica, where her opening remark upon arrival was to credit that country as "the source of our creative ideas" for the campaign to promote human rights in the international arena. She announced that the next day President Carter would sign the Inter-American Convention of Human rights, which was drafted in Costa Rica in 1969.

There was little inkling that Rosalynn Carter's 24-hour visit to Costa Rica had caused uneasy moments. But there had been tension before the visit when the US embassy, invoking security, decided against President Oduber's plan to have her travel in an open car through the capital where in 1963 a crowd of 300,000 turned out to welcome President Kennedy. Instead, the embassy confined the reception to 1500 school children who assembled at the airport. Mrs. Oduber was almost prevented by US security agents from accompanying Mrs. Carter to her hotel. "I thought she was our guest but it seems that some people are determined to make us feel as though we are the guests in our own country," a high Costa Rican official remarked. But Mrs. Carter's unfaltering graciousness at the private meetings and her public appearances succeeded in changing the mood.

In his farewell statement after an informal luncheon at the Cariari Club, President Oduber, who had been foreign minister during the Kennedy administration, told her: "It is the first time since President Kennedy that a United States administration brings us a message that kindles hope, love and attachment."

Taurus

Taurus is a member of the party travelling with Rosalynn Carter in Latin America.

Defending the adversary system and the consumer's right to a voice in it.

Consumer Agency: Pro

Federal economic regulation has failed. This is a truism embraced by a wide range of critics. Ways to correct this defective machinery, however, inspire less unanimity. One possibility—supported by President Carter, the House and Senate leadership and a coalition of consumer, environmental, senior citizen, labor and bar groups—is an Agency for Consumer Protection. As envisioned by legislation reported out of Senate and House Committees in early May, this agency could

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intervene in the decision processes of *other* agencies to advocate the consumer viewpoint; and the ACP could bring that agency into court to defend its rulings. If federal agencies only fear lawsuits, from the businesses they regulate, they will institutionally tilt in a business direction in order to avoid review and reversal. A consumer advocate corrects this imbalance. By even a few interventions and lawsuits, an ACP can make all agencies think twice about the consumer interest before making policy. The effect can be therapeutic throughout the government.

The major premise behind an Agency for Consumer Protection is obvious: if it is wrong for federal judges to hear only one side of a case, it's wrong for administrative law judges as well. The business community—controlling the information agencies depend on, hiring fleets of lawyers and scientists to argue for it, often generously supplying the government with regulators from its own ranks—is able to make its case well. Consumers on the other hand—unorganized, inexpert, and hard to meld because of the "free rider" problem—often are neglected in regulatory proceedings. If the big business community has a $1.7 *billion* Commerce Department to "foster, promote and develop commerce and industry," if farmers have Agriculture and labor Labor, it doesn't seem unfair that the neglected consumer should have a non-regulatory, $15 *million* agency to make a case.

Stephen Chapman's article "Pluralism Run Amok" (*TNR*, May 21) describes ably the defects of economic regulation. ("The livelihood of an airline executive is at stake in every regulatory decision by the Civil Aeronautics Board, but the average air traveler spends only a fraction of his income on flying; consequently, airline executives spend a lot more time, effort and money trying to persuade and inform the CAB than most consumers do.") But his cynicism overwhelms his judgment when discussing the proposed consumer agency. He asks, as do many of the business critics of the proposed agency, "How will this agency decide what is the 'consumer' interest in any particular controversy?"

In fact, many consumer interests are apparent: agencies should give consumers greater access to their proceedings; products should be adequately tested for safety and fully disclose their contents; fraud and monopoly pricing should be vigorously prosecuted. Another obvious consumer interest is to have existing laws complied with and enforced. Has NHTSA issued its used car standards? Has the EPA met its timetable in testing toxic substances? If not, the ACP will intervene or sue to enforce the law.

In situations where there may be several consumer interests, the agency's administrator will exercise his or her best judgment after reading the considerable mail and listening to consumer and business petitioners. The ACP may decide to air several consumer interests so the host agency can arrive at the best decision. This is not unprecedented: the Justice Department occasionally has filed multiple amicus briefs in the same lawsuit. When a particular viewpoint is already adequately represented, the agency is supposed to focus on others. The bill also makes clear that the agency is not an exclusive advocate, thus encouraging private consumer representation as well. The possibility that in some cases there might be two or three consumer interests should hardly justify the conclusion that *none* should be represented. The Agriculture Secretary has to decide among competing farmer claims and the Commerce Secretary among competing business viewpoints—yet no one would say their agencies are illegitimate merely because they must weigh competing claims and exercise sound judgment.

Critics of the consumer agency, like Stephen Chapman, suggest that since the public interest is tantamount to the consumer interest, and "since the regulatory agencies are already charged with promoting the public interest," a consumer advocacy agency is superfluous. But "the public interest" is not a place but a process; it is not a destination but a journey. An agency's judgment about the public interest will be determined by the facts it receives, the arguments it hears. Corporate managements win 99 percent of all proxy contests—not because of any inherent merit or magic, but because those who control the input control the output. You can't expect regulators, even if they were all Brandeises, to research and uncover the consumer interest in every proceeding all by themselves. If consumers aren't heard in agency proceedings, consumers won't be part of the "public interest" policy conclusion. Or, as former FCC Commissioner Nicholas Johnson was fond of saying, the only way to keep regulators upright is to lean on them from all sides.

Chapman dismisses this as "pluralism run amok" and "adversary goulash." "The belief that encouraging pluralism, by dividing people into separate groups and requiring them to scratch and claw for their share of the government pie, is a good way to run a government should be thoroughly discredited by now." I hadn't realized that our jurisprudential system of law, the First Amendment and *The Federalist Papers* #10—all of which assume that truth and sound policy result from the clash of ideas—had suddenly become *déclassé*. If the consumer agency's conceptual critics don't think that government policy and the government pie are divided according to clashing interests, then they don't understand the way Congress works, the way courts work, and the way federal agencies work. What these criticisms amount to is a disillusionment with the adversary process. But if these critics have a democratic alternative to the adversary process, they should say what it is.

An Agency for Consumer Protection does not signal the end of the drive for regulatory reform. An ACP and

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efforts to appoint better regulators, provide them with better information and eliminate unneeded agencies are not mutually exclusive. I agree with Chapman's conclusion that we should "get rid of those institutions that facilitate manipulation of government power for narrow private interests," such as the price fixing of the Civil Aeronautics Board and the Interstate Commerce Commission. But until that millenium arrives, I see no merit in tolerating the continuing hegemony over economic regulation enjoyed by the producer interests.

To oppose an Agency for Consumer Protection because it is yet another voice added to the pluralist arena is about as rational and fair as banning ambulances from cities because of auto congestion.

Mark Green

Mark Green, an attorney, is a long-time associate of Ralph Nader and director of Public Citizen's Congress Watch.

Even in the beginning, he was no Arafat.

Begin Without Smears

by Eric Breindel

Menahem Begin's rise to power in Jerusalem has provoked two sets of reactions in the world at large, both hysterical, neither justified. The gloom among Israel's friends and supporters, in Washington and elsewhere, one senator said, "can be cut with a knife." The extremist, Begin, whom Israeli leaders from Ben Gurion to Rabin have pointed to as evidence of the internal constraints on their own power to compromise, is today at the helm.

Among those Arab spokesmen who had previously refused to recognize any difference between politicians and parties in the Zionist camp, the response to Begin's victory has been similarly hysterical. But their hysteria is less genuine. By calling Israel's new prime minister a "terrorist-thug and murderer who should be tried as a war criminal"—the official PLO comment on the election results—the Arabs seek to further undermine Israel's moral credibility in an already hostile world.

Israel's sympathizers (including *The New Republic*) would do well to remain calm. Israel does not have a crazy man at the helm. They also would do well to inform themselves about what Begin's role really was during the period before Israel's independence. Past atrocities are attributed to Begin in ordinarily pro-Israel American newspapers without even the usual modifier—"alleged." A commentator on a network news program wonders out loud how Begin, "himself a former terrorist chieftain," can possibly justify refusing to negotiate with the PLO. But the simple equations of Begin equals Arafat and Irgun equals Al Fatah do not hold up under any kind of scrutiny.

Begin was born in 1913 in Brest-Litovsk, Poland—four years later the site of the Russo-German peace treaty. As a dynamic orator and a competent political strategist, he rose quickly in the ranks of the Revisionist-Zionist movement.

By the outbreak of the Second World War he was the leader of the Polish *Betar*, the Revisionist youth movement, and a close associate of Jabotinsky. Along with his mentor, he believed the doom of Eastern European Jewry was imminent, and he aided Jabotinsky in the latter's abortive scheme for the mass evacuation of one million Polish Jews to Palestine. Arrested as a Zionist when the Soviets entered Eastern Poland following the Molotov-Ribbentrop Pact, Begin spent more than a year in Siberian concentration camps and was spared the fate of his parents, brother and sister who remained behind and perished in the Nazi holocaust. He was released by the Soviets in 1941 under the Stalin-Sikorski Agreement and sent to Trans-Jordan to train in General Anders's Free Polish Army. Preferring to fight under his own flag, he deserted and made his way across the Jordan to join and reactivate the then-dormant Revisionist military force in Palestine, the Irgun.

Begin commanded the Irgun Zwai Leumi (National Military Organization) from January 1944 until May 1948, when the State of Israel was established. The Irgun revolt was a revolt against the British Mandatory administration in Palestine. Begin did not believe that the Irgun could terrorize the British into recognizing

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Zionist aspirations and abandoning Palestine. Nor did he think that the Irgun could defeat the British militarily. His strategy was one of leverage: the British could be pressured into withdrawal—by world opinion, by excessive financial losses, and finally by the recognition that the Irgun could wreak havoc at will. Irgun targets were the institutions of the Mandatory government: the military, the police, the income tax and immigration offices. (Until V-E Day, Begin banned attacks on British military installations so as not to impede the Allied war effort.) Delivering repeated blows to British prestige was the primary goal—daring and spectacular operations that humiliated the Mandatory regime. British civilians in Palestine were never Irgun targets. Warnings usually were issued before actions were carried out in order to minimize the loss of British lives. This warning policy served a dual purpose: British responsiveness to Irgun warnings heightened the regime's humiliation and loss of prestige; and the lower the casualty figures, the more positive the potential world reaction. In operations such as the bombing of the King David Hotel, the Jerusalem headquarters of the Mandatory government, civilian lives were indeed lost when Irgun warnings were ignored. But massive bloodshed never was an Irgun goal. It would have made little sense given Begin's political strategy of capitalizing on international public opinion in a guilty, post-holocaust world.

In isolated instances, the Irgun under Begin did use simple terrorism to achieve defined ends. In 1946, when a British court sentenced an Irgun member to 18 lashes, the Irgun threatened to retaliate by flogging British soldiers. The Mandatory government called the Irgun's bluff, and the Irgun carried out its threat. Neither Jew nor Arab was ever again whipped by the British administration in Palestine. And the following year, when several captured Irgunists were sentenced to death, Begin announced, in leaflets and wall posters and on underground radio, that gallows would be met with gallows. The British refused to be moved. The Irgun members were executed and in retaliation two British soldiers were kidnapped and hanged.

These were indeed actions designed to terrorize an alien regime into making specific concessions. But by and large, acts of terror were not central to Irgun strategy in the anti-British struggle. Civilians never were an intentional target, mass bloodshed never was the principle goal.

During the period between 1944 and the passage of the partition resolution Irgun operations were directed solely against the British administration. Palestinian Arabs never were the intended targets of the Irgun. Begin, suffering perhaps from the myopia that afflicted the entire Zionist movement, seems to have believed that if only the British withdrew, Jews and Arabs would resolve their differences without violence. As Palestine plunged into civil war in December 1947, the Irgun assumed a new role as a semi-autonomous military unit functioning in cooperation with the larger Haganah, the established Jewish defense force. The Irgun remained in this role until Israel was established the following May. The organization then disbanded. During the interim between the UN vote in November and the full-scale Arab invasion in May the Irgun undertook military operations against Palestinian Arabs. Few of these were strategically significant; the Irgun was a potent urban guerrilla force in the anti-British struggle, but was ill-equipped for sustained combat. It was only the unceasing political war between Begin and the Zionist establishment that kept the Irgun alive.

In an attack on the Arab village of Deir Yassin, one month before Begin disbanded the Irgun, 250 of the inhabitants were killed, including women and children. The raid on Deir Yassin was carried out by a combined Irgun-Stern Group assault force, but the operation was approved by the regional commander of the Haganah. The massacre of civilians at Deir Yassin was an indefensible wartime atrocity, not unlike the incident at My Lai. The Irgunists who attacked the village expected an easy victory without strong resistance or significant casualties. Unprepared for the stiff resistance offered by Deir Yassin's inhabitants, but operating under Haganah orders not to withdraw under any circumstances, the inexperienced attackers behaved brutally and slaughtered without restraint. When news of the massacre became public, the Haganah sought to dissociate itself from the raid—the atrocities were blamed on "dissident terrorists." But the massacre at Deir Yassin was no more Begin's responsibility than it was the Haganah command's or, in the final analysis, Ben Gurion's. The killing of Arab civilians was not in Begin's interest, just as it was not in the interest of the official Zionist authorities. Begin was singled out as the perpetrator of Deir Yassin largely because Ben Gurion sought to use the raid to discredit a man he saw as a potential rival for power.

The moral distinction between Irgun violence and contemporary Palestinian terrorism is an issue apart from the relative merits of the Zionist and Arab causes. Simply on the tactical level, the differences are too profound to be ignored. In operations carried out by the various organizations functioning under the PLO umbrella—Al Fatah, George Habash's PFLP and the Popular Democratic Front for the Liberation of Palestine, led by Nayef Hawatmeh—the intended victims invariably have been civilians. The Arabs, in fact, assiduously avoid confrontation with Israeli military or police. The primary objective of the activities of these PLO sub-groups has been to terrorize the civilian population of Israel. The message they seek to convey is that no Israeli is safe, in Israel, abroad, or even in the air. Non-Israelis, and even non-Jews, are potential victims as well, whether they are Puerto Rican pilgrims visiting holy sites in Israel, or transit

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passengers in European airports who happen to stroll by the El Al counter at the wrong time. The deliberate and cold-blooded massacre of schoolchildren at Maalot, or of yeshiva students at Ramat Hagolan, are not in any way comparable to operations undertaken by the Irgun. Nor is exploding bombs in public places—in a Jerusalem supermarket, in the student cafeteria of the Hebrew University, in a Tel Aviv movie theater—a method of warfare Begin would have sanctioned. Official PLO communiques claiming credit for deeds like those described here refer to them as "commando operations against the settlers."

Begin has changed considerably since the establishment of Israel in 1948. If he had not undergone a political transformation of sorts, he never would have been tapped by people or President as Prime Minister. When Begin emerged from the underground in 1948 and entered Israeli politics, he was indeed a wild and often demagogic figure. But his behavior during the controversy over whether to sign the reparations agreement with Germany in 1952—he incited a huge crowd to attack the Knesset building in protest against the agreement—seriously damaged his image and that of the Herut as a whole. Suspended from the Knesset that year, thought of by many as anti-democratic, even Fascistic, Begin during the 1950s was beyond the pale of respectability.

And so he began to learn the art of politics. Principled fanaticism has given way to principled flexibility; this flexibility is indicated by several key political moves in the last decade. The merger with the Liberals required a muting of Herut's extreme foreign policy views. Begin would not have been willing to compromise in this manner during the 1950s; in 1965 he was. In the governmental crisis that immediately preceded the Six Day War, Begin emerged as a mediator between warring factions in the Labor establishment. Setting aside old and bitter animosities, he urged Levi Eshkol to step down in favor of Ben Gurion. When Eshkol refused to resign, Begin helped design the Dayan-for-Defense compromise and agreed to join the government himself, as minister without portfolio. The result of his efforts was the much acclaimed Government of National Unity; in the eyes of many Israelis, Begin appeared a wise elder statesman. After the 1967 war, Begin urged the immediate return of the entire Sinai to Egypt and found himself in a dovish minority in the cabinet. Although he left the government in 1970 in protest against the Rogers Plan, the issue for him was not whether Sinai was negotiable, but what Israel was entitled to in return. Begin continued to insist, in opposition to the growing right-wing Land of Israel Movement, that Israel should keep its options open and not annex the occupied territories.

Whether Begin will relax his stance on the West Bank remains an open question. But Begin is a political heir of Vladimir Jabotinsky, the father of Revisionist Zionism and adheres to his mentor's cardinal principle: "In the beginning God created politics." Ezer Weizmann, the second man in the Likud, who is slated to be Defense Minister in the new government, has said of Begin: "He will negotiate more than all the Premiers before him. You will see him becoming more flexible than anyone believes possible." Weizmann is in a position to know.

What will happen when the left takes over in France? Call it Eurosocialism.

Le Nouveau Regime

by Alan Berger

Anglo-American *amateurs* of France see French politics as a sequence of unruly upheavals, a succession of extreme situations, chaotic and apocalyptic. The last took place in 1968, and now rumors are beginning to reach us, even through the thick walls of our press, that another one is coming in 1978.

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It is a foregone conclusion in France that the legislative elections of March 1978 will be won by the coalition of Socialists and Communists that calls itself the Union of the Left. In the cantonal elections of 1976 and in the municipal election this past March the Left's support has hovered at about 53 or 54 percent of the popular vote. Current polls show increasing dissatisfaction with government policies and personalities. France is foundering in the worse economic

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crisis of the last three prosperous decades. The government's program has not achieved any dramatic recovery, and is not expected to do so. President Valéry Giscard D'Estaing and his Prime Minister, Raymond Barre—often referred to as the first economist of France, an epithet that becomes more and more sardonic as political time goes by—are caught between inflation and recession. The conservative Gaullists under Jacques Chirac, the liberal centrists loyal to Giscard and the Socialists and Communists all credit the great transformation looming next March to this novel economic phenomenon—not limited to France—which the London *Economist* has nicknamed "slumpflation."

M. Barre's strategy is to guard the value of the franc by fighting inflation. His plan offers some investment incentive to industry, but it can create but few jobs, and is perceived by both Left and Right as an austerity plan. Many Gaullist critics regard Barre's economic wisdom as political folly.

There are about a million men and women unemployed in France today, almost three times as many as in 1971, and more than during the bleakest days after World War II. Young workers and university graduates have been particularly vulnerable to what has become a national trauma. The most direct measure that government has proposed to put the French back to work is a lump sum payment to immigrant workers to cajole them into returning to their homes in Algeria, Morocco and Tunisia.

The Gaullists, paradoxically, want the government to go over to a Keynesian policy of all-out stimulation. These intransigeant defenders of the established order have issued a call for full employment. Their argument is that the economic crisis, since it is international and structural in nature, will not be resolved or even appreciably modified within 10 months by *any* policy. Therefore, they say, the government should pursue a policy that can protect France from the radical social transformation that would occur with a victory of the Left, no matter what the cost in economic terms.

Chirac describes the prospect next spring as "the risk of Communist servitude." But is communism on the Polish model the real prospect? And will hinting that it is to save capitalism on the Gaullist model? In the March municipal elections the Communist vote nationwide actually declined slightly. The most popular party in France is now the Socialist party of François Mitterand, which registered 30 percent of the popular vote, a formidable plurality in the French multi-party system. The Socialists are the dominant element in the Union of the Left. The Communist planks in the Union's Common Program are the ones acceptable to the Socialists. The Communists cannot come to power without the Socialists, but it is quite conceivable that, if he became sufficiently exasperated with the Communists, Mitterand could ally with Giscard and the liberal center. The knowledge of this possibility stands behind the CP's uncharacteristic tractability in ceding certain fundamental doctrines and reversing certain longstanding political positions. It also stands behind the Gaullists' frustration at Giscard's olympian nonchalance in the face of defeat. Gaullists and Communists are living with the same fear—the fear of political isolation.

The new model of French society impending after March 1978 is likely to be much closer to Sweden's than to Poland's. François Mitterand is not in the mold of a Gomulka or an Ulbricht; his European allies are Willy Brandt and Olaf Palme. Mitterand is a Social Democrat. Six years ago he unified in a single party most of the disparate and dispirited islands in the Socialist archipelago. The new party began by forgetting or renouncing the skeletons in the Socialist closet: Algeria, Suez, Pétain, de Gaulle. It also had to expunge the memory of more distant ancestors, those Socialists of the early '20s who were manipulated, captured and absorbed by Bolshevik tutees of the Cominterm. Today the Socialists are the genuine centrist party of France.

France under the Socialists will be different—more so than Chirac, or even Giscard, might like—but it will not be unrecognizably different, not apocalyptically different. Mitterand has described his new model of French society as one that rests on the following Social Democratic principles: "enlargement of the public sector, mastery of credit, and a profound fiscal reform." Hardly the stuff of revolutions. To conceive Mitterand in American terms, one would have to imagine a politician with Gene McCarthy's principled attachment to checks and balances (what M. Mitterand calls *contre-pouvoirs)* and George McGovern's missionary earnestness about social justice. One would also have to project such a political griffin into an American economy whose key industries had already been financed, subsidized or nationalized by the State.

Writing in *Le Nouvel Observateur* about a recent two-day dialogue between French Socialists and Swedish Social Democrats, a national delegate of the French party praised the reformist patience of his Swedish counterparts. "We have not a few things to learn from the Swedes . . . what they have done in the matter of workers' rights, women's liberation, social security, fiscal management, the struggle against inequalities, the organization of health services . . . and the reduction of pollution can serve us as an example." These reforms, the Socialist official points out, were accomplished over a span of 44 years. "All the great reforms undertaken in Sweden represented years of preparation, years of explanation and years of realization."

The French Socialists do not want to botch their plans in the turmoil of a great leap forward, nor in the tragedy of "an adventure of the Chilean type." And so they want to distinguish themselves as explicitly as they can from their electoral partners, the Com-

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munists. They do not want to face the voters next March as Bolsheviks, but as Socialists.

The Socialists are willing to try to manage a mixed economy in crisis. They want to create jobs (a third as many as the Communists would create), raise wages and benefits for the most disadvantaged strata of the society, take control of credit, stimulate domestic consumption and thereby stimulate economic growth. Their talisman is the Social Democratic concept of *planification*—a thorough, rationalized management of the economy. But they also recognize and want to avoid the danger of an uncontrollable spiral of inflation as in Chile. And they want to avoid a flight of capital abroad or a plummeting of investment in the private sector. They acknowledge that their stewardship, beyond whatever immediate relief it can provide to the poorest of the French, will entail austerity. To compensate for this austerity, which is held to be an unavoidable effect of the worldwide crisis they will inherit, the Socialists propose, in the poetic language of May 1968, "to transform life." The prosaic means to this transformation are decentralization and "autogestion." The traditionally centralized civil service bureaucracy that administers French life would be reformed by creating greater autonomy for local communities. Autogestion, a vague word in French political discourse, denotes for the Socialists a modernizing form of industrial democracy, again somewhat like Sweden's, in which administrative councils of workers, technicians and managers engage in cooperative decision making, overseeing all the aspects of industrial life. The powerful French unions are also interested in the "qualitative" benefits of autogestion, and the Socialists have been quick to point out to their working class constituencies how their democratic approach in this quarter distinguishes them from the Communist party. In an open letter to CP leader Georges Marchais, Mitterand wrote: "We consider that one cannot separate the principle of nationalization from its democratic content, envisaged by us Socialists in the perspective of autogestion in such a way as to avoid all forms of statism and all risk of bureaucracy."

The Socialists need the help of a Left party with 20 percent of the vote to get the opportunity to effect social change they envisage and the CP is the only such party in France. By a coalition with Giscard they could have cabinet posts, but only limited reforms. With Georges Marchais and the CP they can have all the reform they want. But there remains some question as to whether or not they can also govern.

The two-round electoral system *(le scrutin majoritaire)* currently in use in France encourages coalition partners to run against one another as well as the opposition. The coalition candidate with the highest vote total in the first round of such an election becomes the only coalition candidate on the second and final ballot. Thus, to enhance their minority status and their bargaining power in the Union of the Left, it becomes crucial for the Communists to finish ahead of the Socialists in the first round in as many working-class election districts as possible. To this end they practice a demagogic rhetoric of promises, which Americans might identify as populist.

When American liberals ask whether the born-again Eurocommunists can be trusted, or controlled, they are posing questions that Socialists in France have already answered. The Communists are not trusted—except insofar as they can be controlled. And control depends on the relative electoral strength of the two parties. After 57 years of steadfast docility and fidelity toward Moscow the Communist party of France has suddenly begun to molt its plumage. One after another the feathers have fallen: dictatorship of the proletariat, Russia as the universal model of Socialist society, the difference between genuine freedom and bourgeois liberties, opposition to French participation in NATO and to the French nuclear arsenal and, most recently, the CP's traditional refusal to support elections to the European Parliament by direct universal sufferage. The French CP is still less independent, less revisionist, than its Latin sisters in Italy and Spain, but one has only to listen to the castigations coming from Moscow to be convinced that the mutations are real. Secretary of the central committee Zimianin condemns "those who betray the cause of Socialist revolution, who founder in opportunism and conciliation with the bourgeoisie." In Prague Politburo member Ponomarev, secretary of the central committee in charge of relations with the Communist parties not in power, warns the West European parties that to become preoccupied with human rights in the Soviet Union, to cast a critical eye on "real socialism," is to fall into the trap of imperialism. Criticism of Russia, the secretaries say, is inseparable from anti-communism.

The French Socialists are practicing political behavior modification on their Communist partners. They know that the bird has molted its feathers only because it is entering a new climate. Obviously it is impossible for a party that wants to govern France to be known to owe its first allegiance to Russia. The Socialists know that the concepts they are pressing their Communist partners to accept—the concepts of pluralism, decentralization and autogestion—are antithetical to the internal forms of the *parti-société*. In its structure and functioning the CP is still unitary, centralized and hierarchic. The society the Socialists are calling on it to cooperate in building would be a negation of the society the Communists have already constructed amongst themselves as a model for the future. But the Socialists believe they can translate their electoral strength into political dominance. They are confident they can teach France the Swedish lesson, give it reform without apocalypse. François Mitterand remains a Social-Democrat, convinced that the wave of the future in Europe will be called Eurosocialism.

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Paris in June

Paris

Summer arrived here the day of the general strike. The day before, it was still gray winter, and there was portentous talk of the great strikes of 1936 and 1968 in the air. But this one, which was the usual carefully orchestrated one-day shut-down, came off in an atmosphere of street festival. Buoyed by the spirit of solidarity as they intoned refrains of *La Lutte Finale*, the marchers seemed more joyous than angry, while onlookers basking in the sun on their balconies seemed unconvinced that any final struggle was about to take place at all. The strike was called by the Communist-led CGT and the Socialist CFDT. All of France's major unions joined in though for widely divergent reasons. The CGT and CFDT marked their vehement protest of Premier Raymond Barre's government, of President Giscard d'Estaing and of the Premier's austerity program based on limiting wage increases to the cost of living. *Non à l'austérité! Giscard à la Barre!* glowed in fresh spray paint on walls all over a Paris already swollen with tour buses full of wash and wear travellers. Political tension and summer festival.

The more moderate unions joined to protest the procedure more than the substance. The government had announced its wage policy from on high without negotiations, thus breaking its tenuous and painfully negotiated pact with the white collar unions over the principle of collective bargaining. With schools and offices closed, no metro, bus or taxi service, and no gas or electricity, Paris took solace in the sunshine and the warm sidewalks bowered in chestnut blossoms.

We joined in another popular French tradition along with many other "strikers" and made "a bridge," as the French say. Combining Ascension Day on Thursday, the weekend and the Tuesday strike, and adding a little neglect of Friday and Monday, one had a lovely six-day spring holiday. France is a country of holiday lovers. The May 1968 strikes ended on the eve of the Pentecost holiday.

I was reminded of holidays the other day when I went to the FNAC (the ultra-modern consumer-union discount chain) to pick up Gaston Defferre's well-titled book, *Si Demain la Gauche . . . ?* which everyone is talking about at the café and over anxious dinner parties in the 16th. The FNAC was totally disrupted by spirited picketers, most of whom had very recently left the lycée. It reminded me of picketing Woolworth's in Cambridge in the 1960s. Then I read their tract. Sales employees at the FNAC are paid about 15 percent above the legal minimum wage of $350 a month, indexed to the cost of living. They receive, in addition to other benefits, the customary "13th-month" salary as a Christmas bonus, as well as a summer vacation bonus, and *five weeks* of annual paid vacation in addition to legal holidays. The strikers, however, find their working conditions harsh. Their tract records their objection to working under fluorescent lighting all day, to the noise and dust in the air, and to the fact that the air conditioning doesn't always work. (Air conditioning still is exceptional in Paris.) The lighting and dust would bother them less if they received a 10 percent increase, a minimum vacation bonus of two weeks salary, and a 36-hour work week. The present mood does not respond gladly to a call for austerity.

Meantime, next spring's parliamentary elections already have put the entire country into a campaign atmosphere. Nearly everyone expects the Left to win, with widespread consequences for daily life. A few days ago, I went to a glassy modern garden apartment complex in the western suburb of St. Cloud to visit some friends who had just had a baby. Since their decorative taste hardly runs toward swinging modern, I registered some surprise to find their queen-sized bed occupying center stage in their glass-walled living/dining room. *C'est terrible*, moaned Chantal with evident frustration. "We have to sell this flat before we can get a larger one, and what with the Left coming, no one is buying. Everyone is trying to sell, and take their money out. They are afraid." Many apartments in large modern complexes like this one used to be bought as investments and left empty or rented out, and later resold at windfall profit. Recently, though, everything is for sale, and those investors are talking about the prime potential of "safe" investments in—believe it or not—New York!

I had a long telephone conversation with Mlle. de Q., a savvy old Left Bank lady of lesser provincial aristocracy, who brandishes her bohemian life-style, and deals in chateaux and landmark townhouses nonetheless. An outspoken Socialist sympathizer whose clientele is the international jet set, she viewed the future with that mixture of piquant cynicism and love of paradox the French are famous for. *"La crise? Le goufre?"* she exclaimed with a verbal shrug. "Everyone is afraid the sky will fall. But *voyons*! You have to know the French! Every time France is on the edge of disaster, a man appears out of nowhere. He takes power. And then, everyone is tranquil for a while. *Les Communistes? Eh bien alors*, we need a little change, *n'est-ce pas?* But, in France, as we say, *Plus ça change, plus c'est la même chose. Non?*" The man is not yet in sight.

Lois Pattison de Menil

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Stanley Kauffmann on films

Innocences

Star Wars (20th Century-Fox). The young American director George Lucas has made three features: *THX 1138*, which was about the future; *American Graffiti*, which was about adolescents; and now *Star Wars*, which is a "future" film for adolescents. Neither of the earlier pictures was distinguished for novelty or depth, but *THX 1138* tried to compensate with visual and technical ingenuity, and *American Graffiti* found some good objective correlatives, in cinematic method, for its study of small-town teen-agers. *Star Wars*, Lucas' most expensive picture to date, doesn't have the technological cleverness of his first, and it's about nothing more than what it seems to be about.

This is Lucas' tribute to Flash Gordon, and is now enthralling all those who feel that Flash Gordon needs a two-hour, eight-million-dollar tribute. There's a glitzy attempt at profundity in the opening title which tells us that the story took place on a galaxy far away "a long time ago." It really takes place in the science-fiction future, a place which is as fixed and fictitious for bad sci-fi writers as the Old West is for bad Western writers. Lucas' script has Good Guys, Bad Guys, a princess, intergalactic imperialist war, staunch defenders of human and humanoid rights, secrets that will not be surrendered to the warlords—a whole spectrum of simplified earthly problems projected onto cardboard and illuminated with interminable ray-gun flashes and last-minute huge explosions.

About the dialogue there's nothing to be said. In fact the dialogue *itself* can hardly be said: it sticks in the actors' mouths like peanut butter. The acting is the School of Buster Crabbe, except for Alec Guinness who mumbles through on the way to his salary check. (A warlord, whose face we never see under his visored helmet, is played by David Prowse—a physical and vocal double for James Earl Jones.)

The only way that *Star Wars* could have been interesting was through its visual imagination and special effects. Both are unexceptional. I was not the world's biggest fan of Kubrick's *2001*, but surely after that picture and after the work of Jordan Belson that preceded it, space films have an ingenuity-mark to aim at before they can engage our wonder. In no way does Lucas come up to the Kubrick/Belson level, and, to rely on my memory, his work here seems less inventive than in *THX 1138*.

But I saw at last—after about, say, 20 minutes—that *Star Wars* wasn't meant to be ingenious in any way; it was meant to be exactly what it is. From Lucas' view it certainly has not failed. I kept looking for an "edge," to peer around the corny, solemn comic-book strophes; he was facing them frontally and full. This picture was made for those (particularly males) who carry a portable shrine within them of their adolescence, a chalice of a Self that was Better Then, before the world's affairs or—in any complex way—sex intruded. Flash Gordon, Buck Rogers and their peers guard the portals of American innocence, and *Star Wars* is an unabashed, jaw-clenched tribute to the chastity still sacred beneath the middle-aged spread.

We All Loved Each Other So Much (Cinema 5). The worship of lost innocence is not a US monopoly. The Italian male loves to weep about his past purity, too, but in this case, at least, he's more entertaining about it. Ettore Scola, a director and screenwriter whose work has been coming here sporadically for the last dozen or so years (*High Infidelity, Il Sorpasso*), is the co-author and director. *We All Loved* has some resemblance to last year's French film *Vincent, Francois, Paul and the Others*, so apparently male teariness about lost male innocence is international.

But there 's some fun in it here. Three Italians were partisans together in the Second War. The story virtually begins there, in black and white, after a brief present-tense introduction in color. The three go their ways, remeeting from time to time by accident, the film of their lives progressing into color as it gets closer to the present. Nino Manfredi becomes a hospital orderly and remains one. Vittorio Gassman becomes a lawyer and marries the daughter of a rich building contractor. Stefano Satta Flores becomes a professor but is so inebriated with love for film that he gets in a fight, loses his job, has to leave his wife and child in the north, has to go to Rome and become a film critic. (*Eheu*, as older Romans said.) The three men are linked by their common past, of course, the high days when they were at their noblest, but they are also linked by a beautiful girl/woman, Stefania Sandrelli, whom Manfredi meets first, who gets involved with the other two in time, but who ends up with Manfredi.

The point that is blazoned at the end—this postwar generation was a failure—is not remotely made in the film. This generation is no worse, no more or less responsible, than any other; the sighing moral is tacked on finally to give retroactive weight to a picture that is only a series of comic and sentimental episodes, some better than others. Scola uses clever devices. Early in the story Sandrelli, a would-be actress, takes Manfredi to a performance of *Strange Interlude*, and the production's gimmick for internal revelation—a spotlight on the character who thinks aloud while the others "freeze" in the dark—is used frequently in the film thereafter for fair comic effect. Satta Flores' passion for films allows Scola to interweave a strand of contemporary Italian cinema history. *The Bicycle Thief* figures in the professor's own fate, and Scola goes on from this to use the shooting of the Fontana di Trevi scene in *La Dolce Vita* as a means of reuniting Manfredi and Sandrelli who is

Films Worth Seeing

Annie Hall. Woody Allen's best film so far—which means mostly unobtrusive direction, mostly successful gags about neurotic sex and love.

Cousin Angelica. A modern Spaniard "revisits" in memory Spain of the Civil War. Inconclusive but deft and absorbing.

Harlan County, USA. Barbara Kopple's fine documentary about coal miners today. At last, a really merited Academy Award.

Jail Bait. The prolific R. W. Fassbinder deals disturbingly with a 14-year-old German girl's violent love affair, and other violence. Strong but pointedly so.

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an extra. (Fellini and Mastroianni appear briefly, revisiting their own pasts.) Antonioni's *L'Eclisse* touches the life of Gassman's rich wife.

It's a ragbag picture, thriving or not as it goes along by the appeal of each episode, and many of them *are* appealing. All the performances are good enough, though Manfredi will always be for me the actor they use when they can't get Ugo Tognazzi or Alberto Sordi: and though Aldo Fabrizi, the rich contractor, has become a bloated-toad grotesque of the man who played the priest in *Open City*. The picture is out to sell some stock-in-trade Italian charm and the facile rue of life seen against the glow of lost purity. It does.

Black and White in Color (Allied Artists). Among the manifold mysteries of the universe that I've given up on is the mystery of the Academy Awards. Every year there's an award or two—just to make it more mysterious—that's sensible, like this year's documentary award to *Harlan County USA*. But most of them are as baffling as this one—the picture that won the Oscar for best foreign film of the year. (One small dustup: it was entered as a picture from the Ivory Coast, where it was shot, although its producer is Swiss and although the director and most of the cast are French. I wouldn't want to guess how much revision would be entailed if the Academy decided to make this criterion of place apply retroactively.)

Black and White, too, is concerned with innocence, more specious and cutesy than that in the two pictures above. This is one more neatly enclosed little parable, like *King of Hearts* and *Generals without Buttons* and others, to tell us how silly war is. In West Africa, 1914, a French garrison and a German garrison are on the best terms. Belatedly, news of war arrives, and we get a burlesque of World War One, fraught with unbearable "character" touches. A scholarly young Frenchman turns out to be a born military leader, better than the mildewed garrison commander. So there. Everything turns out *humain* and *gemütlich* at the end.

Jean-Jacques Annaud, co-author and director, has an undeterrable eye for script and visual platitude. He has exactly the cast to suit him.

I'm not going to list the competitors over which this picture was chosen. There's no irony left in the idea. Roll on, Academy Awards.

Eppe's of Paris

We asked some writers for essays on their favorite bookstores. This is the first of the series.

Eppe is the name of the bookshop in Paris that I find it desirable to visit daily, as if for a loaf of bread. Out front rain or shine on Rue de Provence near Rue Taitbout very convenient for my kind of rambling and browsing I find two bookcases beside the door, and in the first bookcase all books are priced twenty centimes, six for one franc—yes, that's right, I'm not making a mistake. Twenty centimes might be at most considered to be 5 cents, a nickel, a jitney, and for one nickel I might suddenly come upon a Tauchnitz edition of some very foolish and popular novel by some crazy English lady writer of almost a hundred years ago, or a directory of the members of the Paris Racing Club 1908. Well, to me books like that are daily bread, and I have got to walk up to Eppe from my 5th floor flat at 74 Rue Taitbout at least once a day, sometimes twice. And it is procedure with me that if I stop there, I buy something, now and then six items for the one franc, which last November worked out to the equivalent of 28 cents US. As bread from my baker, at 8 Rue du Faubourg Montmartre at Lamartine, is taken home unwrapped, by rule or tradition, so are the books from Eppe. The second bookcase contains books, some in English, and some in various other languages, priced 50 centimes, or, let's say, 15 cents US, and while I quickly study those books, too, I seldom buy them, and this is why: the other books, the cheaper books, are far more appealing to me, as appropriate daily reading-bread. I generally sing improvised songs to books as I browse at Eppe, taking care that no one is near, for the French tend

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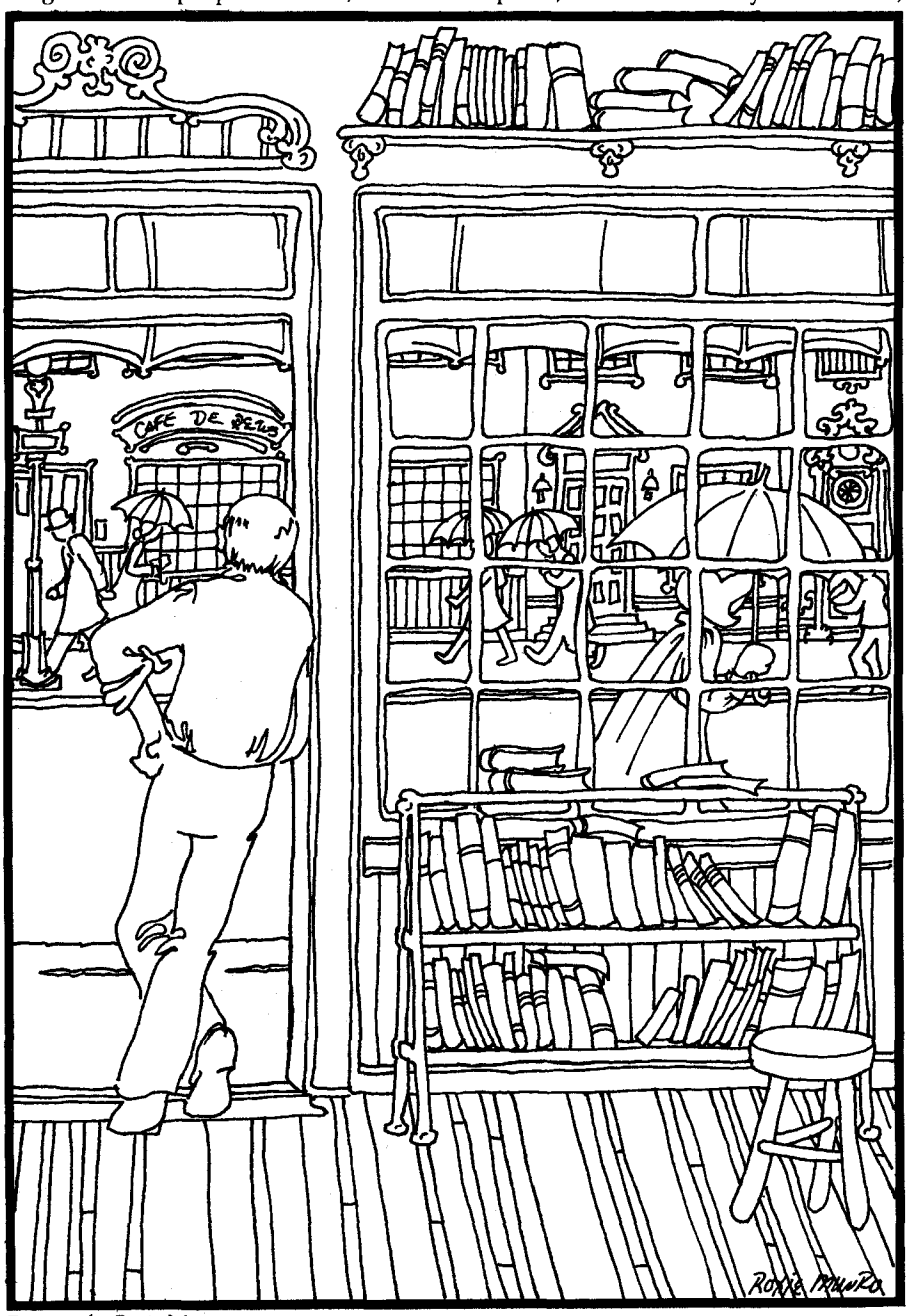
to consider unpaid unprogrammed singers not really acceptable, civilized, or safe—the clochard of Rue St. Lazare for years both sang and held out his arms to all women, flattering some, amusing others, and scaring most. The gesture troubled them less than the singing, which seemed to suggest an impersonal love that honorable ladies cannot quite accept and streetwalkers know is profitless. Seeing books makes me sing, especially when I know that anything that I may insist on looking into further is going to cost me only a nickel. The baguette at the good baker's costs 1 franc ten centimes or about 30 cents, and has a weight of well under half a pound, but of course is famous for its freshness and golden crust: it is a favorite loaf in shape and size and weight: of the people of Paris, and of myself. Six pieces of fascinating printing, some in truly grand cloth bindings, are mine at Eppe for slightly less than the price of a baguette fresh from the oven any time after 7 am and after 3 pm. I have always loved that bread, broken, and smeared with Brittany butter (or any kind of butter, don't worry about the Brittany part, the French don't oversalt their butter, so that it is all sweet and delicious on Paris crust-bread), with white cheese, and black wrinkled oily olives, and tea. But just as important to that table ritual in Paris is the companion ritual of the trash books from Eppe which I never look into during tea or a meal, giving them the full dignity of undivided attention. Paul Eppe is the full name, and a few years ago he died, and either his son or a nephew, a man of forty-four or so, seemingly perpetually disgruntled, took over, for on Saturday I asked, who is Paul Eppe, and the man replied, he died, and then he waited, and then deeply sighed, and then said the word for death again, as if commenting on the strange power of death, finally, over anybody, even Paul Eppe. And of course I agreed fully as I handed him two 20-centime golden-looking coins for two magnificent books, or pieces of bread for the evening meal of the soul. Now, let us not misunderstand any of this. In addition to being a writer with 44 published books and translations into perhaps as many as two dozen languages in virtually all of the branches of the family of languages, not excluding Hebrew, Arabic, Hindi, Chinese, Malaysian, and so on, I am a reader, and to the people at Eppe, two girls who sit at high desks and wrap and clean and price books, and four men who put them on shelves both indoors and out, and to the owner or manager of the shop, I am a cheap reader—that is to say, a buyer of only cheap books. I very seldom pay as much as one franc for one whole book. Why should I? The bargains are there every day and I love looking among them for the one or two, or six, I shall take home. Anybody can buy an expensive obviously valuable and worthwhile book. You've got to be cheap (to the people at Eppe) to buy only trash books—strictly anonymous but clearly some kind of eccentric and rather stupid American, for after sixteen years in the neighborhood he speaks a kind of French-English which is really no language at all. And isn't he the one whose voice we sometimes hear singing as he studies the books in the trash bookcase? Traditionally, writers are much respected by the French, but especially so, it would seem, by those who do not read: also traditionally, for some glorious reason, people who work in bookshops or in Public Libraries do not read. Books are objects, with meanings that have to do with every aspect of them excepting the writing. I love that. Because all I'm interested in is the writing, and nothing is more delightful than to find good stuff in a rotten piece of writing, and really terrible stuff in a magnificent piece of writing, thrown together by whatever accident it may have been. Brentano's on the Avenue de la Opéra is a grand place to loaf, catching up on the new stuff from both London and New York, but never buying: and so is Calignani's on Rue Rivoli near the Louvre and the Orangerie, but their books are for rich people, and fools, while the books I buy



Drawing by Roxie Munro

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at Eppe were published a hundred, or fifty, or ten years ago, and discarded, are solely for me, singing, Oh, man, look at these little sons of bitches, will you—Lady Ouida, Thomas Hardy, Mrs. Humphrey Ward, Jack London, George Sand, Ernest Hemingway, and they're all mine.

William Saroyan

Books Considered

Gerard Manley Hopkins by Bernard Bergonzi

(Macmillan; $8.95)

We still aren't sure quite what to do with Hopkins. Locate him in his age? He was born in 1844, the same year as Verlaine, the year of *The Luck of Barry Lyndon.* Henry James and the Liddell-Scott *Greek Lexicon* were one year old, Robert Browning's meeting with Miss Barrett still one year off. None of these contexts encloses him, except (slightly) the Liddell-Scott.

Milieu? The family was prosperous (marine insurance) and abundant (nine children, the eldest GMH). Two brothers became artists, a sister composed. Another brother, sometime HM Consul in China, detested poetry (and lived till 1952). Hopkins *père* wrote wildly: poems, *A Manual of Marine Insurance,* a treatise on *The Prime Numbers.* There was even a dog named Rover, who on 25 August 1868 bit Robert Bridges, future poet laureate.

Max should have drawn that incident, as he should also have drawn the middle-aged GMH grading Greek exams with a wet towel round his head, and assigning for fractions of sentences fractional marks he had difficulty adding up correctly.

But anecdotage doesn't locate Hopkins either. It accretes, what there is of it, because his life gives a narrator so little to work with. In devoting most of his short book to straightforward biography, Bernard Bergonzi inadvertently documents Elisabeth Schneider's remark that no other considerable English poet wrote out of so little experience of secular life. GMH passed from Oxford into the Jesuit novitiate as though through an air-lock, and lived the rest of his short life in places of semi-visibility, Dublin finally, his superiors in a quandary what to do with him.

For pastoral work he was nigh hopeless. Even his great verbal skills went awry in transmission. One practice sermon, still admirably cogent on the page, for some reason set hearers rolling on their chairs with laughter, so flustering Hopkins he muddled the final paragraphs, which unluckily contained several repetitions of John vi: 10, "Make the men sit down." So his lot was an eternity of exam papers, "331 accounts of the First Punic War, with trimmings," and all those fractions. He died in Dublin of typhoid in 1889, two days short of 45, and is buried in Glasnevin, since known round the world as the resting-place of Paddy Dignam and Leopold Bloom's mother. Joyce was seven in that year.

Like his preaching, his first jottings toward poems are risible; commencing one, he'd seemingly screw up his mind the way a first-grader in Penmanship screws up his face. "No more:off with—down he dings/His bleached both and woolwoven wear"—this is a Victorian male shedding his pants for a bathe, and his boots "Last he offwrings/Till walk the world he can with bare his feet."

Well we read this may with blinking our eyes, so remote is it either from spoken idiom or from any expressive efficacy. He seems to have jotted it while proctoring an exam, and never have subjected it to those sessions of toil during which such slag put on poetic glory. With his achieved results there's no arguing:

Thou mastering me
God! giver of breath and bread;
World's strand, sway of the sea;
Lord of living and dead;
Thou hast bound bones and veins in me,
fastened me flesh,

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And after it almost unmade, what with dread,
Thy doing: and dost thou touch me afresh?
Over again I feel thy finger and find thee.

Its base is still indubitably odd. GMH seems to have felt "mastering me" not as anything English but as a compound "Homeric" epithet. The rest is a grammar of contrived indeterminacies. "Strand" is both rope and shore, "sway" both movement and rule. The "me" in "fastened me flesh" is direct and indirect object simultaneously, and "what with" is also "with what." But the propulsion, the sureness of pause and stress!

Rhythmic authority helps weld the whole, and behind the rhythm stands the engulfing example of Swinburne. Ahead, predicted by the stanza's eccentricities, looms Dylan Thomas, tormenting idiom in the faith that he can overcome us by what GMH abjured, personality. Hopkins is the man in the middle. Between Thomas's diction, merely self-regarding, and Swinburne's rhythms, merely self-perpetuating, he occupies an imperilled equilibrium, sustained in only a few irreplaceable poems.

He occupies other middles. A plaque by the onetime door of University College, Dublin, facing Stephen's Green, claims for this since-transmogrified institution the fame of three shades: "John Henry Cardinal Newman, First Rector; Gerard Manley Hopkins, Professor of Greek; James Augustine Joyce, Student": an enticing sorites.

All three situated minute phenomena by transcendental coordinates, along which sudden changes of scale and scope might occur momentarily. They bond by pairs several ways. Newman hadn't Hopkin's and Joyce's fierce interest in particularity. Joyce had abandoned Newman's and Hopkins's sacramental orthodoxy, the world subsisting in the Creator's purposes. Newman shared with Joyce a patient regard for the social realities of which Hopkins was innocent. (And Joyce admired Newman's "cloistral, silverveined prose," and Newman received Hopkins into the Church. An intricate Trinity altogether, its symmetry damaged only by the fact that Joyce so far as we can tell never chanced to hear of Hopkins.)

These ways of locating him aren't opted by Bergonzi, who mentions Swinburne fleetingly, Thomas not at all, Newman anecdotally, Joyce peripherally. In general he doesn't know what to do with the poetry except prowl round it respectfully, and Hopkins's life lacking the poetry is slight and bathetic. There's work to be done on it still, notably on its interaction with Latin, Greek, Welsh, but a die-extruded volume in the "Makers of World Literature" series isn't the place for that, nor is Bergonzi, for whom "magnus opus" is Latin, the designated man. Meanwhile Elisabeth Schneider's *The Dragon in the Gate* (University of California Press, 1968) remains the book about Hopkins to read.

Gerard Manley Hopkins by David Schorr

Hugh Kenner

Hugh Kenner's most recent book is *Geodesic Math and How to Use It.* University of California Press will be publishing his *Joyce's Voices* next spring.

Portraits of a Princess
by Beth Archer Brombert

(Knopf; $15)

The scene, at first, seems idyllic: a beautiful and talented heiress of noble birth marries at 16 a handsome Prince of her own choosing, almost her equal in rank and fortune in the high circles of the Lombard nobility. But even before the wedding, warnings that trouble lay ahead had sounded. Indeed Prince

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Belgiojoso promptly passed on to his young bride the syphilis which was eventually to reduce him to imbecility. He could not, however, infect her with his dissolute and cynical profligacy. Hers might indeed seem a star-crossed destiny. She already suffered from epilepsy; and from the very start of her life had been overshadowed by the political cross-currents of revolt and repression that tore through the Italian peninsula in the post-Napoleonic era. Yet by sheer force of will she somehow managed to turn every misadventure—and there were many—into a personal victory.

One of the merits of Beth Brombert's biography is the manner in which she succeeds in integrating those two facets of Cristina Belgiojoso's personality, her private life and the political involvement that made her a fugitive from her country, a target for Metternich's police. As the extraordinary story of this woman unfolds, the reader gets more and more involved with the enigmatic figure of the Princess. When she died at 63—she was born in 1808—Cristina had led a complex, adventurous political life with more than its share of misfortune, hair-breadth escapes from police nets, dramatic reversal of fortune from great wealth to poverty; and eventual triumph when Italy at last acceded to nationhood. And she led, simultaneously, a complex personal life, whether in Paris salons, where she was a quasi-legendary figure, who fired passionate Romantic imaginations; or in her estates in Italy, to the management of which she brought revolutionary new ideas: a school for the children, improved housing, a communal foyer and discussion sessions. But unconventional though her way of life was, it was astonishingly free from the well publicized scandals that punctuated the lives of women like George Sand. Her single romance seems to have been a longterm friendship with a placid, good-looking, rather dull historian, presumably the father of the illegitimate daughter, Marie, in whom she took great delight. For Marie's recognition by the Belgiojoso family she fought successfully with the same indomitable will that marks her patriotic activities, and against the same odds, too: entrenched and secure enemies, whether the family or Metternich, from her own exposed situation as a rebel against propriety—an unforgivable offense in a woman.

Why then has Princess Belgiojoso been forgotten? Or, worse still, maligned by her rare biographers? This was the question Beth Brombert set out to answer and her book draws its power from a double source, the careful and often new documentation which she marshals and her sense of the injustice done to a personality of unusual stature. To the records of the Princess's inexhaustible generosity toward her many compatriots (like herself political exiles) and of her private and social life in Paris, she has added the discussion of Cristina's scholarly works, at once impassioned and learned, and pointed to their real, and sometimes influential originality. Her task was not easy Thence, no doubt, the title: These are portraits not *a* portrait of the Princess.

The first seven chapters develop chronologically, although as Brombert unravels the diverse strands of the Princess's life she often takes her readers back and forth over the years so that one wishes that a chronological table had been appended for reference. They establish what Brombert calls "the model," that is, her own account and portrait of the Princess against which, in the second part, she sets other portraits: the Cristinas that were penned by her famous admirers, Heine, Musset, Balzac, Liszt, double faceted mirrors that reveal their authors as much or more perhaps than their famous model. And others too not so directly under her spell: Henry James, Disraeli, Gautier. What is certain is that the greater the men the more unstinted their admiration. Admiration too inspires Brombert's own vision of the Princess. And indeed the most revealing portrait of all comes from the pen of the Princess herself. One can only admire the extraordinary richness of the quotations of letters or essays that are assembled here; through these this extraordinary woman comes to life while retaining an aura of the unfathomable.

It was in the salons of 1831 Paris, under the protection of the aging Lafayette, that Cristina, in her late 20s, dazzled Paris society. But for all her success she was no socialite. Paris was then the center of the "liberalism" that represented the hopes of the leaders of the Italian *Risorgimento*, to whom, with her dream of a united, democratic Italy she was closely allied. And "liberalism" was what the Holy Alliance of Russia, Prussia and Austria, dominated by Metternich, could hardly tolerate. A "rebel-patriot," she partook actively in certain spectacular events, the 1848

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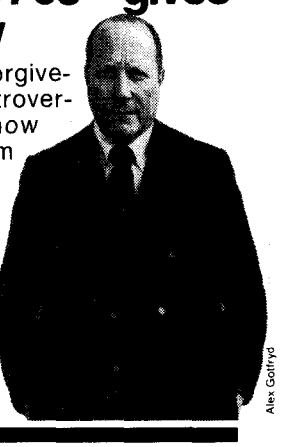

Alex Gotfryd

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uprising in Milan, the siege of Rome. Political influence, with her, entailed action. Yet she was no visionary revolutionary. Her appraisal of the tepid commitment to the Italian cause of her French bourgeois "liberal" friends, among them the historian Augustin Thierry and Mignard, on whom so many hopes had rested, is devastatingly accurate. An aristocrat through and through, in the best sense of the word, misunderstood and attacked by lesser men, she certainly deserves the care and tact that Beth Brombert has recalled to complete the scattered portraits of this almost forgotten figure.

Germaine Brée

Germaine Brée is Kenan Professor of the Humanities at Wake Forest University.

Rebecca West: A Celebration

(Viking; $15)

The celebration in *Rebecca West: A Celebration* belongs as much to the reader as to the author. Here are her writings that you set aside to read; her major works that deserve to be reread; and the surprises of watching criticism and reportage mellow before your eyes into philosophy and permanence. The sum is a literary and political history of a large part of this century.

To say that Rebecca West is "an extremely clever young woman who can handle a pen as brilliantly as ever I could and much more savagely," as George Bernard Shaw wrote in 1916, is almost to take something away from her staying powers, in 1977. The cleverness is still there, to be sure; it often breaks out in letters to the literary sections of the London weeklies—putdowns of women she regards as too clever by half in their novels or criticism. Always with, if not far ahead of her times, she and her work have shunned trendiness—the blight of modern writing, in newspapers, magazines and even books.

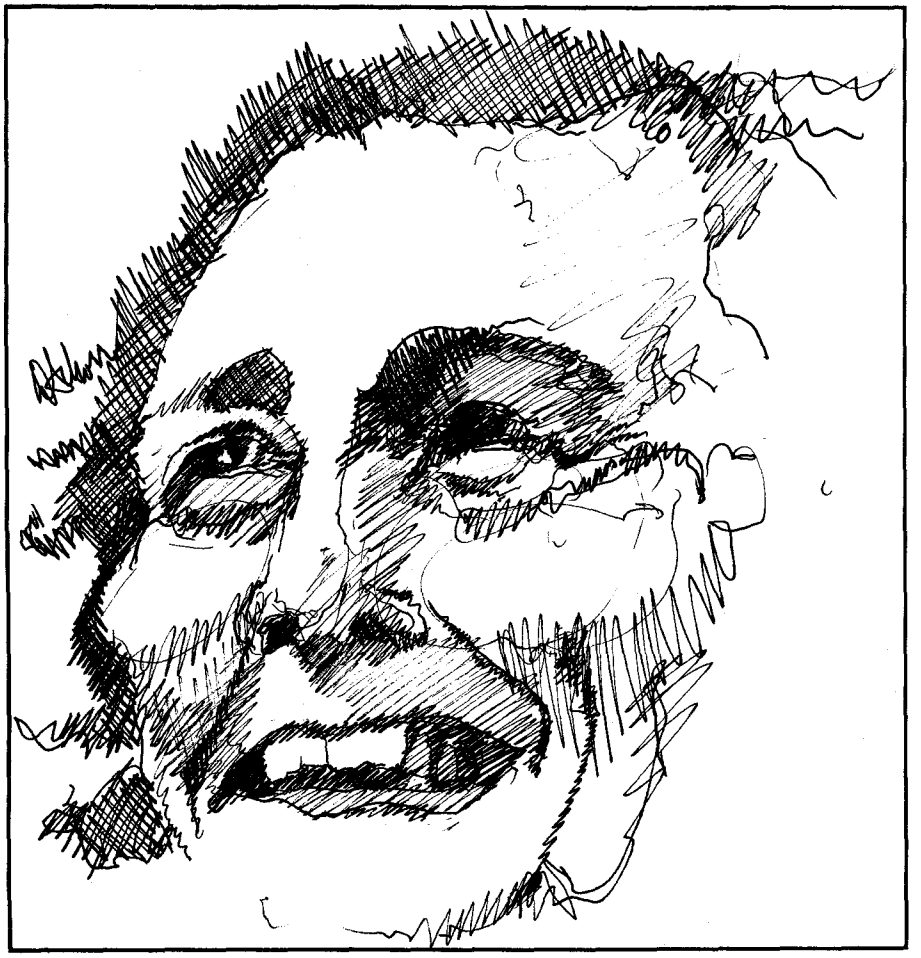
West's writing and way of life have always been courageous. She has lived what she has declared about feminist freedom and individuality and about the moral necessity in art and government. When I visited her last autumn in her flat near Prince's Gate in London, she told me that she was working on her next novel, *This Real Night*, going over this anthology celebrating her writings, and contributing an occasional literary essay to the London journals. At 84, she has problems of sight and getting about, but somehow has adjusted and pressed on with her work. The courage of her themes is matched by the bravery of the writer herself.

A good hallmark of the thoroughness of *Rebecca West: A Celebration*, which her publisher has selected from her writings with her help, is that it includes the opening section of her unpublished *This Real Night*. Her ability to establish a time and do so in a universal idea has not diminished.

> *The day was so delightful that I wished one could live slowly as one can play music slowly. . . . A child is an adult temporarily enduring conditions which exclude the possibility of happiness. . . . One has to live in the adult world at a disadvantage, a member of a subject race who has to admit that there is some reason for his subjection. . . . I suppose that sooner or later you had to learn that there are husbands and wives who do not get on together.*

The unfinished novel is a sequel to *The Fountain Overflows*, published 20 years ago, which is not included in this collection. But there is a fair amount of fiction here: *The Return of the Soldier*, a World War I novel written from a woman's perspective; *The Salt of the Earth*, a short American murder novel; and self-contained sections of *The Thinking Reed* and her last novel, *The Birds Fall Down*, published in 1966. The fiction leaves the reader resolved to turn to the fuller works. A useful bibliography shows that West has written fiction steadily across her career. *This Real Night* will be her 12th novel.

A fine introduction by Samuel Hynes, professor of English at Princeton, which originally appeared as an unsigned



Rebecca West by David Schorr

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article in *The Times Literary Supplement*, sets the scene for the reader. As Hynes says of West's criticism, "she writes like a fourth-century African bishop, praising the righteous, condemning heretics, explaining doctrine, confident always of the rightness of her judgments and of their firm moral bases."

Only a handful of critics in our time have thought about the nature of superior art. "A work of art may be simple, though that is not necessary," West says in *Battlefield and Sky*. "There is no logical reason why the camel of great art should pass through the needle of mob intelligence. . . . But whatever a work of art may be, the artist certainly cannot dare to be simple. He must have a nature as complicated and as violent, as totally unsuggestive of the word innocence, as modern war."

The collection also includes the keenest explanation of the Italian travel books of D.H. Lawrence. West observed him in Florence, tapping out an article a moment after his arrival. "I was naive," she writes, believing that he had not done his homework. "I know now that he was writing about the state of his own soul." She describes how he rendered the city and people in symbolic terms, rifling the visible for his own vocabulary. Only a fellow-artist could recognize the longer reach of such inner travel.

West's masterwork, *Black Lamb and Grey Falcon*, displays her own history as travel, travel as history. It is a journey of the mind along the ancient railway tracks of European rivalry and war. The large chunk of the book that appears in the collection ranges across the full realm of Yugoslavia's problems and past. *Black Lamb and Grey Falcon*, based on a trip in 1937, is a bridge between the two world wars. Here are the direct warnings against fascism in Italy and Germany. In the epilogue West signals her contempt for Nazi Germany, with its "Strength Through Joy movement, where their men would raise flimsy arms in the Hitler salute." The closing pages of *Black Lamb and Grey Falcon*, which appeared in 1941, cover the Yugoslav resistance and the Nazi takeover. The book is dedicated "To my friends in Yugoslavia, who are now all dead or enslaved," and its special urgency seems no less pertinent in the struggle for human rights and freedom today.

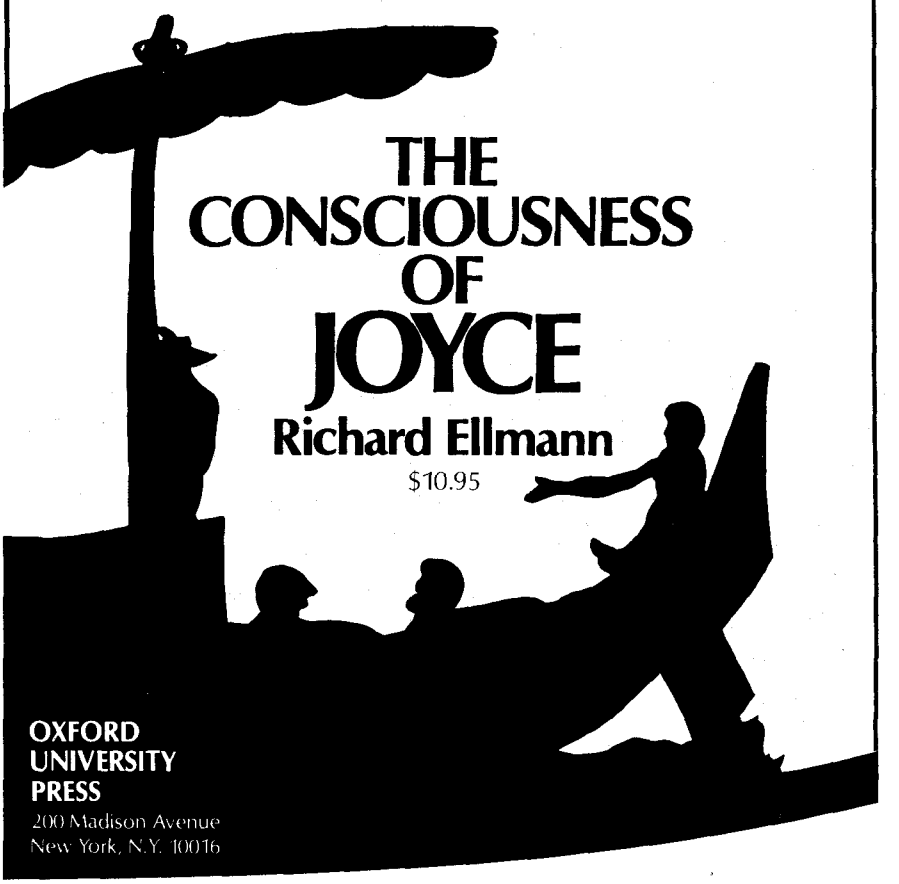
West's political and crime reportage remain unsurpassed. There are important sections here from *The Meaning of Treason* and *A Train of Powder*. Going to cover the Nuremberg trials, she begins: "There rushed up towards the plane the astonishing face of the world's enemy," and then describes the serene countryside, the 21 defendants in the dock, making each a self-contained horror story.

Reading of Göring's denial of justice by suicide, I was struck by the parallel of justice denied to the American people and laws by the failure to impeach Richard M. Nixon, and the moral sickness that permits him to be paid millions of dollars by television and publishing magnates for discussing, not under cross-examination, what he declined to disclose under his constitutional oath. How West might have covered that impeachment trial is a tantalizing dream.

Commenting on the treason trials that she covered in Great Britain, West concludes: "All men should have a drop of treason in their veins, if the nations are not to go soft like so many pears. But, all the same, there is a case against the traitor. The law states it with simple logic: if a state gives a citizen protection it has a claim to his allegiance." And she underscores the point by noting that we

Joycean odyssey.

From his discovery of the novelist's working library, Richard Ellmann traces the literary ancestry of *Ulysses* and discusses how Joyce triangulated himself with Homer and Shakespeare. "His saturation in Joyce's life and work," as John Updike once wrote, "is one of the wonders of present American literary scholarship."



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are "not yet within sight of disarmament."

Rebecca West took her name early in the century from the rebellious Ibsen heroine in *Rosmersholm* who had modern ideas, replacing her real name, Cicily Fairfield, which sounded too genteel. Her own identity by any name shines through the pages of this celebration.

Herbert Mitgang

Herbert Mitgang, publishing correspondent of *The New York Times*, is author of a book of literary criticism, *Working for the Reader* (Horizon Press).

The Unmaking of a President by Herbert Y. Schandler

(Princeton University Press; $16.50)

We are, apparently, reaching the stage where volumes on our recent national disaster can be written without panting breaths and great gusts of indignation. Herbert Y. Schandler, an alumnus of the fiasco, has here checked in with a report based on a close examination of the relevant documents and literature. In addition, he has interviewed many of the eminent characters who guided our ill-fated crusade in the late '60s. The result is a mistitled but otherwise decent book called *The Unmaking of a President*, subtitled "Lyndon Johnson and Vietnam."

I say mistitled because I emerge from reading it with the conviction that something like *Clark Clifford Agonistes* or a suitably Anglicized counterpart would come closer to the heart of the matter. Clifford, it appears, was the man who turned things around in 1968; his sense of American failure in Vietnam, once conveyed to Lyndon Johnson, brought about an end to escalation of the war as well as Johnson's firm decision against seeking re-election. Both were announced in the televised address to the nation on March 31, 1968. The development and consequences of Clifford's thoughts occupy center stage in Schandler's book.

There is here none of the amorphous grandiloquence of David Halberstam's *The Best and the Brightest*, yet I am persuaded that the banality of Schandler's presentation is closer to the spirit of the enterprise. Somehow Dean Rusk and McGeorge Bundy never looked quite right in Homeric garb. Now Schandler lays out these men in the bland purity of their thoughts. The aforementioned register their cautious assessments alongside all the other hoary figures—McNamara and Fowler, Nitze and Warnke, Goulding and Enthoven, Wheeler and Westmoreland. The one dissonant voice is that of Walt Whitman Rostow, whose consistently grumpy rejoinders to Schandler's interview questions enliven the chronicle. Rostow, however, offers only a difference in tone, not opinion, with the established leaders of that era. Warnke, on the other hand, presents differences of opinion but a similarity of tone.

These differences apply to the artistic value of Schandler's history, which is slight in any case. As I say, he fails to identify Clifford as the true dramatic hero of the book. Moreover, Schandler writes no better than PhD prose stripped of blatantly indecent jargon. He begins one chapter by writing, "Lyndon Johnson was troubled," and another by writing, "Clark Clifford was troubled"—that sort of thing.

The record of decision-making at the top level of government remains depressingly ambiguous. The American engagement in Vietnam continues to seem more bumbleheaded than evil; the progress of the war still appears to have been based upon a compendium of false analogies, bad guesses and self-righteousness. Much of this was termed evil at the time, but the name callers often created their own faulty analogies and exhibited notably self-righteous qualities. If there is any one person to be blamed for the misadventure, surely LBJ gets the nod. He, not John Kennedy, sent a half-million ground troops overseas, thinking they would do the job. Kennedy had only made the decision that the job was worth doing; he died before addressing the actual circumstances, post-Diem. This assessment is made without regard to the "morality" of the American engagement; the bald truth remains that if the war had ended by early 1967, there would have been no wailing and gnashing of teeth. The recognition that the war had no foreseeable end and the dubiety of the battlecries galvanized the opposition. The protraction of televised carnage and the incomprehensible optimism of the President and his aides finally wore people out. The argument that the war was wrong proved less persuasive than the contention that it was meaningless.

Indeed, as *The Unmaking of a President* once again makes evident, the meaning of Vietnam was not clear even to the administration. Blaming the generals has always been a fruitless and cowardly exercise; military men, like the rest of us, enjoy every opportunity to display their professional prowess, and Vietnam offered another place in the sun. Still, it must be acknowledged that strategy in Vietnam was made with greater than usual disregard for the evidence. Dean Rusk thought Vietnam an application of the Munich analogy; the Domino theory was, after all, an extension of the analogy. Those who accuse our public policy-makers of being bereft of imagination must admit that this is a sobering reminder to the contrary. Then, too, there were those who closed their eyes and held their noses and insisted that we were attempting to provide South Vietnam with the "freedom to determine its own future without outside interference," a statement which brings out the analogist in us all.

These were the forces which influenced Lyndon Johnson in those days, as he conducted a policy which featured a steady increase in troop levels and aerial bombing campaigns punctuated by pauses that were thought to have diplomatic usefulness. This was described in traditional terms as a "moderate" course, moderation always being the quality that a statesman wishes to convey. On the right wing, it was said, were hawks, who risked nuclear war in proposing more concentrated use of the Air Force. On the left wing, it was suggested, were doves who sought shameful surrender to the enemy.

Johnson's policy was not repudiated by these critics, but by the traditional logic of pragmatism: it did not work. The Tet offensive, which began January 31, 1968, provided the most dramatic evidence. No one could say for sure whether the Americans had won or lost at Tet, because no one was certain of the terms of victory and defeat. Such

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ambiguity sits poorly on the American psyche. Johnson's efforts to develop a national consensus collapsed without the realistic goal that a consensus requires. It devolved on Clark Clifford, as Secretary of Defense the freshest of the President's advisors, to deliver the bad news. As Schandler describes it, "He had performed the hardest task a lawyer faces, that of telling his client that he is wrong, that he cannot win, and that he should make the best deal possible and settle." It was left to his successor to spend four years handing over the war to the dreadful South Vietnamese army, and to the man after that to oversee the final collapse. Since then a new President has been elected and is giving many of the old Johnson hands another whirl. Cyrus Vance, LBJ's renowned "troubleshooter," presently sits as Secretary of State; Harold Brown, the bombardier-in-chief of those days, is now Secretary of Defense. Public approval, or at least public indifference, suggests a popular belief that the lessons of Vietnam are as easily learned by old boys as by new ones.

Mitchell S. Ross

Mitchell S. Ross is the author of *The Literary Politicians*, to be published in January by Doubleday.

The Diaries of a Cabinet Minister: Vol. I, 1964-1966 by Richard Crossman

(Holt, Rinehart and Winston; $16.95)

The Future that Doesn't Work: Social Democracy's Failures in Britain edited by R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr.

(Doubleday; $6.95)

Of all British relics, perhaps none is as venerable as its constitution. Even today it has American admirers, like Stephen Hess, whose recent and well-received *Organizing the Presidency* seems to have the British system of cabinet government in mind when it advocates greater collective responsibility and authority for American cabinets. Of course, being unwritten, the British constitution is subject to change without notice and, as Richard Crossman sees it in his insider's *Diaries*, cabinet government is now a thing of the past.

The classic description of the role of the cabinet is Walter Bagehot's *The English Constitution* (1867), a cynical, debunking book that shocked mid-Victorians by stripping the Crown and the House of Lords of the pretense that they shared in real power, thus revealing that the important decisions were made by a relatively small group of men among whom the Prime Minister was something more than first among equals but something less than a President.

In the years of change following depression and war, several analysts, notably a one-time Oxford don named Dick Crossman, revised Bagehot's theory. So far as Crossman could tell from his back bench in the House of Commons and his work at *The New Statesman*, Prime Ministers were becoming more "Presidential," more independent of a cabinet whose members' individual departmental responsibilities kept them from playing any forceful collective role.

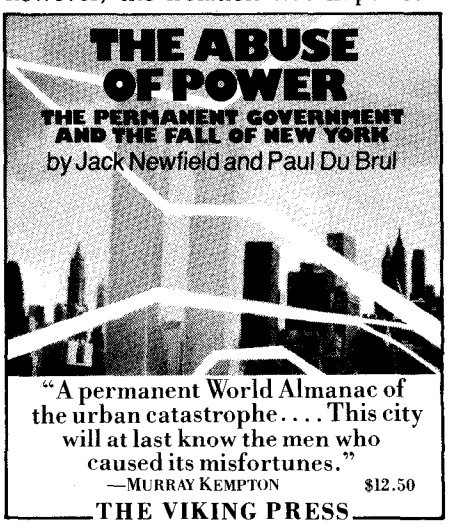
And yet the fiction of cabinet government persisted, much as the fiction of the Crown's power had survived Bagehot to perform a useful symbolic function for many years. It became Crossman's great ambition to be the 20th century Bagehot, "by disclosing the secret operations of government, which are concealed by the thick masses of foliage we call the myths of democracy."

But for this job he needed cabinet experience, and in 1963, as he approached the age at which British politicians must abandon their dreams of a front-bench seat, his prospects were poor. Even if Labour did win the next election, Crossman was out of favor with his party's chieftains—he was too close to the Labour Left and his prickly intellectual self-confidence discomfited nearly everybody at one time or another. But, as he remarks, "in British politics while there is death there is hope." Labour's centrist leader died and was replaced by Crossman's comrade-in-arms Harold Wilson, and when the party won the 1964 election, the would-be Bagehot was rewarded with the Ministry of Housing. The diary of a cabinet minister began.

It was to become one of the most controversial events in British publishing history. Scheduled for release not long after Crossman's death in 1974, the diary nettled and unnerved both Labour cabinet members and senior civil servants, who objected to the candid recounting of their habits, words and deeds. With at least the consent of old comrade-in-arms Harold Wilson, the government took legal action to suppress publication, and succeeded in delaying it until last year.

It's not hard to see why the government was upset. The Crossman *Diaries* do more than dispel the fiction of cabinet authority; they explode the pretense that the British civil service is a mere tool of policies made by elected officials. If Crossman began with skepticism about the collective power of Ministers, he ended with the discovery that even a Prime Minister can be imprisoned by Whitehall.

This discovery brought about a major refinement in his revision of Bagehot. Certainly it was true that Wilson was isolated, even from the cabinet, in much the same way that George Reedy and others have found American Presidents to be isolated: "Harold is more and more a self-contained unit"; " . . . he wasn't discussing the idea with Cabinet before making up his mind." As it turned out, however, the isolation was imperfect: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". . . he is more and more in the hands of his civil servants." Or again, speaking of Wilson's improvisation of economic policy without regard for cabinet consultation: "Harold's proclivity for [political] opportunism completely coincides with Whitehall's desire to prevent a coherent decision-making body being imposed on it."

Crossman's complaint was that Wilson was "working direct" with the top bureaucrats in the various departments, "behind the backs of their Ministers." The civil service made it easy for him to do so, by having set up "a full network" of interdepartmental committees, parallel to committees of the cabinet: "When they all get together, though they dispute with each other, they try as far as possible to even out their disputes and then to produce a coherent Whitehall view." When they reported back to Wilson, ". . . very often the whole job is pre-cooked . . . to a point from which it is extremely difficult to reach any other conclusion than that already determined by the officials in advance. . . . This is the way in which Whitehall assures that the Cabinet system is relatively harmless."

If necessary, Crossman found, the bureaucrats were prepared simply to ignore the elected officials they served. Early in his tenure at Housing, he sought advice from outside experts (whom the civil servants bitterly resented); their ideas were given to Ministry officials for drafting into a form suitable for cabinet discussion. What came back was a paper substituting Whitehall orthodoxy for the outsiders' ideas:

> *I was furious. . . . I had to . . . massacre their paper. I really behaved like a savage editor . . . . Once again they were deliberately and obstinately trying to get the departmental view adopted in spite of the clear directive from the Minister. . . . Whenever one relaxes one's guard the Civil Service in one's Department quietly reasserts itself.*

As Crossman notes over and over, the bureaucrats' deference masked the strategies by which they resisted political accountability and ultimately turned their Ministers into special pleaders for the interests of their departments.

There is no doubt a lesson here for admirers of cabinet government, as well as for those who hope to cut bureaucracies down to size. There are also the fierce intelligence, the candor and the literacy that make the Crossman *Diaries* nearly unique in the humdrum genre of political memoirs. But then, this was a politician with a rare sense of distance, one capable of writing, "I still feel I am taking part in a book I've written about the constitution."

It is now more than 10 years since Dick Crossman was fuming at the bureaucrats who conspired against Labour policy. Today Tory opinion holds that Labour thinking has permeated the civil service, an opinion amply represented in *The Future that Doesn't Work*, nine essays in Anglo-American pessimism brought together by R. Emmett Tyrrell, editor of *The Alternative*. While Irving Kristol argues that the Labour policy of redistribution of income has created a bureaucracy whose "demand for 'more'—not for 'more equal,' but for 'more'—will feed upon itself." Samuel Brittan writes that "the old-fashioned mandarins—who . . . put a brake on the despotic ambitions of politicians who achieved a bare majority—are being replaced by a more up-to-date, compliant breed."

There is in this collection a mood reminiscent of the elitist chic that swept American social science in the 1950s, a concern about the vulnerability of the few to the many in the age of mass society. As Peter Jay puts it here, the operation of a democracy forces politicians to make commitments—to full employment—that keep them from taking the steps—tough counter-inflation policies—necessary to maintain the condition—stable prosperity—on which democracy itself ultimately rests. "In other words," says Jay, "democracy has itself by the tail and is eating itself up fast."

Mining a nearby vein, Peregrine Worsthorne argues that "the cult of equality" in the West has had a peculiar impact in England. It has legitimized a ruthless trade union movement against a middle class weakened by its own acceptance of egalitarian doctrine and its traditional English restraint. Thus, he writes, "the social balance in Britain has been dangerously upset."

This is familiar stuff, rather more interesting in the realm of democratic theory than in the world of policy. There are, it's true, several useful critiques of the welfare state in this book, but for the most part these are sermons to be savored by the choir.

Peter McGrath

Peter McGrath is a free-lance writer living in Washington.

Terror Out of Zion by J. Bowyer Bell

(St. Martin's; $13.95)

The Guerrilla Reader by Walter Laqueur

(Temple University Press; $10)

The emergence of Menachem Begin, commander of the dissident Irgun during the Jewish community's struggle against the British mandate gives *Terror Out of Zion* an unexpected timeliness. The author provides an uncritically enthusiastic account of the exploits of the Irgun and of the still more extreme Stern Gang which split from the Irgun. Bell relegates the Haganah, the underground Jewish defense force which spearheaded the struggle, to a minor, almost negative role. An uninformed reader comes away with the impression that the bombings, assassinations and derring-do described by Bell's sympathetic pen caused the departure of the British. His appreciative picture of the heroism and dedication of Abraham Stern, Begin and their followers drives home the thesis that the terrorism of the dissidents, who had to overcome the "timidity" of the Haganah, won the battle. In short it was not Ben Gurion but Begin who brought the Jewish state into being. In his zeal to redress the record the author does his best to shake current assumptions as to who were the chief actors in the drama of Israel's rebirth.

Certainly there is enough wanton violence in Bell's narrative to bolster the Arab claim that they have merely taken a page from the Jewish book. What was sauce for the Irgun goose is now good for the PLO gander. This argument, however, founders on a crucial distinction: whereas the Arab states officially

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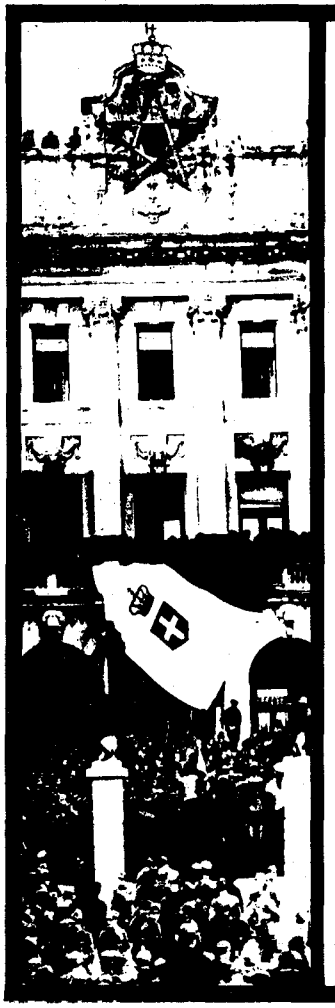
support and applaud terrorism, the responsible authorities of the *Yishuv*, the Jewish community of Palestine, were horrified by terrorism and sought to extirpate it. The conflict between Haganah and the Irgun, despite brief attempts at collaboration for specific actions such as the Haganah's spectacular blowing up of 11 bridges to restrict British troop movements (typically Bell credits this feat wholly to Stern and Irgun) was fundamental. Ben Gurion, Moshe Sharett and Golda Myerson (Meir) repudiated terrorism passionately and explicitly. Their attempts to restrain the dissidents whom they viewed as dangerous irresponsibles, and their condemnation of the massacre at Deir Yassin in which Arab villagers were killed and of the bombing of the King David Hotel are faithfully recorded by Bell. However, in justice to the Irgun it should be added that, unlike the PLO, its terrorism was directed primarily at military personnel and targets. Irgun spokesmen have always claimed that adequate warning to evacuate civilians was given to Deir Yassin, which was considered an Arab outpost on the road to besieged Jerusalem. They also insist that a warning was sent to the British headquarters at the King David Hotel. These were the two instances in which a heavy toll of civilian lives was suffered. Nevertheless Ben Gurion and the Haganah indignantly rejected these explanations and sought to contain the Irgun at the same time that they waged their struggle against both the British and the Arab attackers. Bell's revisionism of recent history would be more convincing if his bias did not lead him to minimize the major issues that divided the acknowledged leaders of the *Yishuv* from the Irgun. The differences went far beyond temperament. Bell's constant imputation of prudence bordering on cowardice to the Haganah and to such meek souls as Ben Gurion borders on the ludicrous; and his implication that the battle might have been lost if not for the daring of Jabotinsky's disciples is equally brash. If we are to have history rather than epic a more sober evaluation of the period is required.

The Haganah and Irgun (Stern, small and anarchic, had no consistent social philosophy) sprang from antithetic ideological roots. Haganah was a people's army created by Socialist Zionist pioneers who were pledged to peaceful settlement and a cooperative society. Irgun was the offspring of the Revisionists who opposed a workers' society, the "gradualism" of the Socialist settlers, and the tough, piecemeal work of redeeming the wastelands of Palestine through Jewish labor and the establishment of *kibbutzim*. Instead the Revisionists indulged in grandiloquent slogans calling for a Jewish state on both sides of the Jordan. Vladimir Jabotinsky, a truly charismatic figure, inspired his followers with grandiose visions to be achieved through greater militancy. In describing Jabotinsky's appeal, Bell writes: "For the first time within Zionism men had marched. The new converts of Betar [the Revisionist Youth Organization] looked not to the old dogmas but to the aspirations of dignity, strength and power. The flight schools, military camps and uniforms lifted the Betarim from a future of spring planting and sick cows. These young men had wanted to be soldiers and not farmers." It should be borne in mind that the military camps and uniforms were being flaunted in Poland, not Palestine, at the very time that the Labor Zionists were organizing centers for the training of the despised "farmers." If revisionist rhetoric celebrated martial arts at a distance, Labor Zionism just as insistently but with less fanfare dwelt on marshes to be drained and deserts to be irrigated—these constituted the true title to the homeland. No greater contrast in purpose and method within one general movement could be conceived. Bell points out that in the '40s when the Haganah defended each settlement, "the Irgun did not have to worry about settlement defense for there were very few Irgun-Revisionist settlements." The Irgun-Haganah differences in regard to social aims and foreign policy went beyond the traditional clash between left and right because in the small, tense world of the *Yishuv* ideological positions found immediate expression in action. While at Zionist congresses in the diaspora the Revisionists vociferously denounced Weizmann and Ben Gurion, their initial activity in Palestine was to engage in strike-breaking so as to weaken labor and the trade-union of the Histadrut.

One of the first serious Revisionist challenges to the discipline of the *Yishuv* was on the question of *Havlagah*, the policy of restraint adopted by the Jewish community of Palestine during the Arab riots of the '30s. Self-defense but not counter-terror would be the Haganah's



Was he the "John the Baptist" of Fascism?

THE FIRST DUCE
D'ANNUNZIO AT FIUME

Michael A. Ledeen

One of the most flamboyant figures in the history of modern Italy, poet Gabriele D'Annunzio has often been described as the "John the Baptist" of Italian Fascism, for virtually the entire ritual of Fascist politics, made familiar by Mussolini—the balcony address, the Roman salute, the dramatic dialogues with the crowd —was taken over from the "free state of Fiume." Yet there were, as Ledeen brings sharply into focus, profound differences between D'Annunzio's vision of a new world and that offered by Fascism. This new book presents the sixteen months of the poet's personal rule of Fiume as a microcosm of the larger chaos of our modern world. $13.50

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response to Arab attacks on Jewish settlements. Wanton retaliation which might strike the innocent was not permitted. This rigid code resulted not only from moral scruples but from the *Yishuv*'s persistent hope for eventual peaceful coexistence with the Arabs of Palestine. Consequently the responsible leaders of the community deliberately refrained from acts which might sharpen the Arab-Jewish confrontation. This optimism persisted till the acceptance of the Partition Resolution and the declaration of the Jewish state. As might be expected *Havlagah* became the butt of the Revisionists and led to the eventual formation of the Irgun.

After the outbreak of World War II the Haganah was for a period accorded semi-official status by the British who appreciated its value as a guerrilla force to be sent on dangerous missions (Moshe Dayan lost his eye in one of these). However, as the war drew to a victorious close without changing Britain's decision to restrict Jewish immigration so barring the "Jewish homeland" to Hitler's victims, the Haganah became the instrument of resistance to British policies. The process by which the Haganah went from *Havlagah* to *Ma'avak* (armed struggle) constitutes an extraordinary and neglected chapter in Israel's brief history.

In 1945 this reviewer was present at a meeting of the Labor Party at which the decision to launch an armed struggle against the British was debated. It was not easy for a community which had made a religion of constructive work to reconcile itself to the necessity of destructive acts. To countenance violence called for a profound psychological and ideological transformation. In addition to the doubts of the realists who pointed to the disparity of forces between the British empire and the 600,000 Jews of the *Yishuv*, deep-seated moral inhibitions had to be overcome. Many of the misgivings voiced were ethical as well as tactical. The Labor movement was particularly concerned that its policies remain free of the terrorism of either Irgun or Stern. The final decision taken asserted the Jewish right to bring in refugees and to establish new settlements on waste land already purchased by the Jewish National Fund—activities prohibited by the British White Paper. Acts such as the mining of railroads or sabotage of British installations used for the capture of illegal immigrants were approved but a strict line of demarcation between a defiance of British edicts and indiscriminate reprisals against British soldiers—the kind of killings described effectively by Bell—was to be maintained. Present admirers of Israel's military prowess, achieved in the course of repeated Arab attacks, would be puzzled by the original qualms of the Haganah activists. The road from *Havlagah* was to take a turn, unexpected and undesired by those compelled to walk it.

The British did not bow out because of random assassinations and bombings. Terrorism made their rule uncomfortable but, like the murder of Lord Moyne by the Stern Gang, it offered a justification for British repressions, complicating the political struggle of the Jewish Agency whose leaders would be periodically imprisoned. The situation became untenable for the mandatory power when the British in deference to the Arabs began to deport survivors of the Nazi holocaust from the only place eager to receive them. *Alyah Bet*, the illegal immigration whose chief organizers were the men of the Haganah, not the Irgun as erroneously claimed by Bell, and the continued establishment of settlements in the Negev desert and the hills of Galilee despite British troops sent to tear down the huts, provided dramatic international pressures too strong to withstand. The drive of the "illegals" to the shores of Palestine aroused the sympathy and imagination of the world, culminating in the passage of the Partition Resolution. It should be noted that the borders of the Jewish state as drawn in the Partition Resolution corresponded roughly to the lines of Jewish settlement.

After the passage of the Partition Resolution the Haganah had to wage a dual war—against the British and the Arabs. The victory of Israel in the War of Independence meant the dissolution of *Palmach*, the elite shock troops of the Haganah under the command of Yigal Allon, and of the Irgun. Partisan military units, whether of the right or left, had to be merged into the new Israeli army. Begin's last appearance as an Irgun chieftain was on the ill-fated *Altalena*, an Irgun ship filled with arms which appeared in full daylight on the shore of Tel Aviv on June 20, 1948, during a period of truce in the still unconcluded war with the Arabs. This flagrant violation of the truce as well as the refusal of the Irgun to turn over its arms to the Israeli army constituted open insurrection at a critical time. The *Altalena* was sunk and the Irgun disbanded. This episode was a final instance of the Irgun's theatrical and dangerously provocative behavior. Subsequently Begin accepted the authority of the state. Since 1949 he has headed the loyal opposition in Israel's parliament.

With the passage of time the rancors and bitterness that marked this internal conflict have waned. Those who stormed against the "lunacy" of the "irresponsibles" in retrospect take a milder view of what they once abhorred. The militants of Stern and Irgun are now more likely to be remembered as rash, misguided idealists who gave their lives for the Jewish state than as criminals who imperiled the *Yishuv*. Labor's former estimate of the dissidents as an inflamatory combination of bombs and bombast has in many quarters yielded to a belated sense of comradeship in the struggle for Jewish independence. Part of the change may be due to the fact that by present standards the Irgun's excesses appear restrained. Begin is right in protesting the description of himself as a terrorist while Arafat is hailed as a guerrilla. The Arab obsession with Deir Yassin, an episode that took place 30 years ago, indicates how unique such acts were on the Jewish side. It is hardly necessary to cite the current catalogue of Arab outrages. A touch of comedy has been added to the election of Begin by the Arab declaration, apparently not tongue-in-cheek, that the Arabs would not negotiate with a former terrorist.

Bell has written an exciting and vivid account in which the personalities of the chief Irgun and Stern figures are etched with understanding for their motives. But as an accurate history of the Jewish struggle *Terror Out of Zion* is, to put it charitably, lop-sided. Whether today Begin is grateful for this extravagant spotlight on his past is another matter.

No manifestos by Abraham Stern or Irgun activists appear in *The Guerrilla Reader*, a useful anthology of the writings of guerrilla tacticians from the

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18th century to the present. Many of the texts are unfamiliar and have been made available by Laqueur for the first time. The *Reader* is a valuable supplement to the author's *Guerrilla*, a historical and critical study of partisan warfare which appeared last year. Laqueur promises a forthcoming *Terrorist Reader* as a sequel to the present anthology, so completing a formidable series on the subject of terrorism in its varied manifestations, whether as an adjunct to conventional war or as an instrument of urban disruption. Certainly for a serious student of the subject these works by Laqueur are indispensable.

Marie Syrkin

Marie Syrkin was the first English broadcaster on Kol Israel, the underground radio of the Haganah, in the '40s. She is the author of *Nachman Syrkin, Socialist Zionist*, a biography published by the Herzl Press.

The Bolsheviks Come to Power
by Alexander Rabinowitz

(Norton; $14.95)

The 60th anniversary of the Bolshevik Revolution is almost at hand. In the Soviet Union this autumn there will be public manifestations of joy, while in certain quarters of capitalist lands there will no doubt be more than a little covert lamentation. These opposite moods will bespeak a mutual recognition that, as the first successful revolution made in the name of Marx, Russian events in 1917 helped both to give flesh to a theory and to create the major geopolitical divisions with which we still live. In a very real sense, the world remains in the shadow of the 10 days that shook Petrograd.

Adherents and opponents of communism not only agree on the importance of the Revolution, but their views of its immediate causes are also remarkably similar. Center stage always goes to Vladimir Ilyich Lenin. He is seen as the master leader whose creation, the Bolshevik party, was small, conspiratorial and disciplined enough to move unwaveringly toward a successful seizure of power. Of course, serious historians have long known this view of the Revolution to be false. But perhaps nobody in English before Alexander Rabinowitz has shown in such extensive detail just how oversimplified it is.

The background of the October uprising is familiar enough. Petrograd in 1917 was a microcosm of Russia, its people suffering from an immense war weariness, a diminishing food supply and a general breakdown of social services. At one extreme there was a ragtag mass of soldiers, sailors and workers demanding peace and economic reform, while on the other a cautious Provisional government dragged its feet on social questions and continued to participate in the unpopular world war. Between the two, those shadowy new instruments of popular government, the Soviets, swayed uneasily in the stream of daily events.

Starting with the July uprising (covered in his previous volume, *The Petrograd Bolsheviks and the July 1917 Uprising*), Rabinowitz explains in great detail the inner workings of the Bolshevik party during the four-month period that culminated in the seizure of the Winter Palace and the declaration of a Soviet state. This narrow but important focus reveals that, like all parties swept up in the frenetic pace of social upheaval, the Bolsheviks strove mightily to keep up with events they could not control. Here we see the shifts of policy, the vacillations, the tactical moves that failed as well as those that succeeded. From the inside we view Bolshevik problems—poor communications, serious internal quarrels, leaders out of touch with supposed followers, important decisions either not carried out or effectuated with unexpected results, even Central Committee members refusing to follow a party line that seemed mistaken or uncongenial.

Lenin himself—in hiding for most of the period—was hardly a model of clear-sighted revolutionary wisdom. Many of his demands for an armed uprising were premature. Leaders who were in closer touch with the Petrograd garrison and the factories understood that a coup in the name of the party alone would not gain mass support, so the Central Committee repeatedly ignored Lenin's wishes. The eventually successful tactic of masking a Bolshevik seizure of power behind instruments of the popular Petrograd Soviet (with representatives from half a dozen radical parties) evolved rather haphazardly. Indeed, the decision to use the Military Revolutionary Committee as an offensive weapon to take power (rather than merely defend the Soviet) was made shortly before the takeover.

None of this is meant to debunk the Bolshevik achievement. The book agrees with the general wisdom that the platform, as embodied in slogans like "Peace, Land, and Bread" and "All Power to the Soviets," made more sense to the weary Petrograd masses than that of any other party. No more than any other historian can Rabinowitz envision the Revolution "in Lenin's absence" and he does describe the Bolsheviks as "more unified than any of their major rivals for power." But what the author insists upon is that discipline and leadership have in the past been overly stressed. Here he turns the accepted story upside down by saying the "phenomenal . . . success can be attributed in no small measure to . . . the party's internally

Sex Roles in the State House

Irene Diamond

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relatively democratic, tolerant and decentralized structure and method of operation, as well as its essentially open and mass character—in striking contrast to the traditional Leninist model."

A good deal of the work is an indirect documentation of this statement. Here the author's prodigious research in both American libraries and Soviet archives is most apparent, and here we benefit from his ability to build a clear narrative. We enter rooms where the Central Committee heatedly debates alternative positions, then watch party members in other settings, at local Soviets, in factories, at meetings of the Duma, at diverse convocations of political groups. Sometimes the detail verges on the bewildering, the political arguments grow theological, the repetition of phrase and slogan edges toward the dreary. Yet the overall effect is exciting, moving, alive with the realization that more than a clash between arms, the Revolution was a battle among words, ideas, beliefs.

It was in this realm that the Bolsheviks triumphed first. More than other groups, they kept in close touch with the desires of the Petrograd masses, who were increasingly alienated from the politicians and philosophies of the Provisional government. When the PG moved against the extreme left in late October, the masses supported the Bolsheviks "not out of any sympathy for strictly Bolshevik rule but because they believed the revolution . . . to be in imminent danger. Only the creation of a broadly representative, exclusively socialist government by the Congress of Soviets, which is what they believed the Bolsheviks stood for, appeared to offer the hope of insuring that there would not be a return to the hated ways of the old regime . . . ."

One historical lesson that surely emerges from this mass of detail is that revolutionary parties are as much captives as manipulators of the masses in whose name they speak. Certainly this is so in the heady, tumultuous days of upheaval. Later, the system begins to rigidify and power comes to rest at the top. In the Soviet Union, Rabinowitz maintains, this occurred during the two-and-a-half years of civil war that followed the October days. Then it was that "the democratic character of the Bolshevik Party was lost . . . and Russian political and economic life became harnessed to the dictates of Bolshevik leadership."

The contrast between the open debate of 1917 and later repression both within the Bolshevik party and throughout Russia raises some disturbing questions about which is the real spirit of revolution. Here Rabinowitz is far too close to his subject to be of help. Unfortunately, he ignores the earlier history of the party and Lenin's determination to keep it a small, disciplined bank of professional revolutionaries. In the years following the October days, Bolshevism reverted to an earlier behavior pattern. Perhaps for only a few months was the revolution a significant experience of freedom, a time when social moorings were unhitched and almost anything seemed possible for the individual and the social order. Later the burden of history made itself felt once again. Let us hope that Rabinowitz will continue his work and detail the constriction of freedom during the Civil War, allowing us more insight into the process by which the Russian Revolution failed to fulfill the promise of its heroic days.

Robert A. Rosenstone

Robert A. Rosenstone is the author of *Romantic Revolutionary: A Biography of John Reed* (Knopf).

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Squaring Off: Mailer vs. Baldwin
by W. J. Weatherby
(Mason/Charter; $9.95)

"I want to know how power works," Norman Mailer once told his friend James Baldwin, "how it really works, in detail." To which Baldwin replied, "Well, I know how power works, it has worked on me, and if I didn't know how power worked, I would be dead." There is much of both authors in this exchange: Mailer the romantic intellectual, voyaging out from middle-class white security into what he sees as the mysterious and dangerous extremes of American life; and Baldwin, the realist, raised on the Harlem streets with the knowledge which Mailer had to acquire from an intellectual remove painfully pounded into his head.

It is the story of the rather edgy relationship between these two writers during the '60s that English journalist W. J. Weatherby tells in *Squaring Off: Mailer vs. Baldwin.* The two men had a lot in common: they were among the most rhetorically stylish and powerful writers of their time; both tough and sensitive, seeking to confront their

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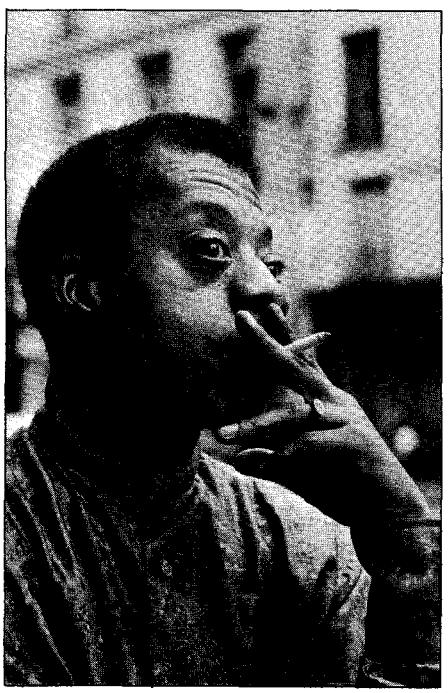
audiences with the truth as they perceived it about the American plague; and both examples of the writer as radical activist during the '60s, that decade when history became a happening, and the writer could grab a piece of the action.

Nevertheless, despite their similarities, their friendship deteriorated as their fame increased. Between them stood Mailer's romantic delusions about the primitive, phallic power of the black and the Faustian, corrupt character of the homosexual; Baldwin's own defensiveness and distrust of whites; and the egocentricity of two touchy, combative literary rivals. Weatherby considers Mailer and Baldwin as "reverse sides of the same coin, representative figures of the sixties, when whites and blacks were struggling creatively to understand each other. . . . Mailer and Baldwin were frontline voyagers for a lot of fellow Americans. . . . But everything in one tended to be reversed in the other; each was seeking for what the other had already found." He sees their failure to come to terms with each other as characteristic of the '60s, "an entire decade of missed opportunities."

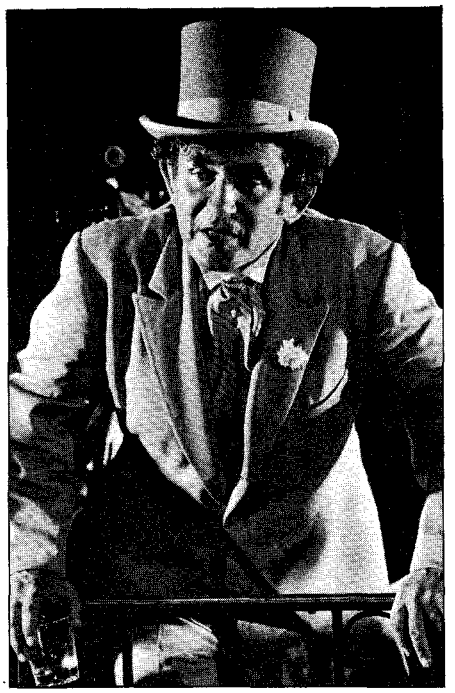
As a reporter for *The Manchester Guardian* and *Newsweek*, Weatherby traveled the international literary circuit and knew both Baldwin and Mailer. His lightweight journalistic account is entertaining and readable, a minor contribution to the current reevaluation of the cultural history of the '60s, but it is neither startlingly profound nor original. As "new" journalism (by now a rather stale device) it suffers by comparison with the subjective reportage perfected by Mailer and Baldwin themselves during the '60s; as memoir, it lacks the depth of either biography or literary criticism. We already have good accounts of Baldwin's career, such as Fern Marja Eckman's *The Furious Passage of James Baldwin*. For that matter, we also have Baldwin's own excellent essay in *Nobody Knows My Name* on his relationship with Mailer, "The Black Boy Looks at the White Boy," to which Weatherby's entire book seems an elaborate postscript.



James Baldwin ©*A. de Andrade—Magnum*

Weatherby's account labors under another disadvantage: although he became friends with James Baldwin, he disliked and distrusted Norman Mailer. The typically gracious and charming Baldwin admitted the journalist into his entourage. Mailer gave him only his standard interview; he is adept at overwhelming questioners by turning his rhetorical blast furnace on high. As Weatherby admits, "For all his apparent openness, his urge to tell all, Norman Mailer revealed little about his private self; his works were essentially 'advertisements,' not confessions, and as such, dealt mainly with the public role he had created. . . ." For this reason, although we get numerous glimpses of the private Baldwin, we are limited almost exclusively to the familiar public Mailer: the aggressive literary politician, the official Bad Boy of American letters. Whereas Baldwin's total honesty is a matter of both personal style and literary technique, Mailer's selective candor is a means of disarming critics and aggrandizing himself. At the one Mailer party which Weatherby attended, he was put off by the writer's aggressive hospitality: "I have never seen a host so worried about his guest's approval. . . . Acting like an *enfant terrible*, he succeeded in making you feel guilty if you didn't go along with him. It was the same technique he used in his writing when he anticipated criticism by admitting to faults. . . ." While this may be true, still Weatherby's open dislike of Mailer's manipulativeness prevents him from achieving the same kind of sympathetic insight into Mailer's character as he does into Baldwin's.

Finally, the book suffers from a flaw in structure. In order to reinforce his comparison and pump drama into the account, Weatherby puts it together like a novel, alternating chapters between the two authors, with himself as "referee-reporter." In keeping with his pugilistic metaphors, the two are



Norman Mailer ©*Elliott Erwitt—Magnum*

presumably edging toward a showdown throughout the book. But the promised battle never takes place; instead, Mailer and Baldwin make a career out of sidestepping and avoiding confrontations with each other. As Weatherby writes of one meeting, "It was a no-contest, more like the weighing-in ceremony than an actual fight."

It is tough enough for great writers to be friends in America—where everyone on the scene anxiously scans the literary Trendex—without complicating the situation with racial divisions. And the sad truth is that Mailer has always been more comfortable with black prizefighters than with black writers. Nevertheless, even if Mailer and Baldwin could not maintain their friendship, they did at least retain a mutual respect for each other's talent. Baldwin's generous tribute to Mailer in *Nobody Knows My Name* stands as the final word on this: "One can never really see into the heart, the mind, the soul of another. . . . One thing, however, I am certain is *not* false, and that is simply the fact of his being a writer, and the incalculable potential he as a writer contains. His work, after all, is all that will be left when the newspapers are yellowed, all the gossip columnists silenced, all the cocktail parties over, and when Norman and you and I are dead."

Andrew Gordon

Andrew Gordon's study of Norman Mailer, *An American Dreamer*, will be published next year by The Associated University Presses.

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Brief Reviews

Fishbait: The Memoirs of the Congressional Doorkeeper by William "Fishbait" Miller

(Prentice-Hall; $12.50)

This book was "told to" Frances Spatz Leighton who, in a fetching jacket photograph, stands behind a contented Fishbait Miller with an enigmatic smile on her face. How much she did, and how much he didn't have to do, is difficult to say; in any case, the book's tone is relatively consistent, and its attitude is unremittingly affectionate. Fishbait was a poor boy from Mississippi who, sponsored by a congressional patron, came to Capitol Hill and remained for 42 years, 28 of them as Doorkeeper to the House of Representatives, a delightfully arcane title that is, in spirit if not in fact, not far from what it implies. Fishbait is aware that the public thirsts for tantalizing tales of boozing, womanizing, influence peddling and various high crimes and misdemeanors. He can not quite bring himself to satisfy that need, however, and his stories are for the most part well known and not very instructive. What is instructive is that he should be able to fill up 381 pages with it, demonstrating—if it was ever necessary—that Congress is a great and awful place, with considerably more awfulness than greatness.

That Was the Life by Dora Jane Hamblin

(Norton; $10)

The *New Yorker* cartoon was a bit unfair—"Is it OK, Joe, to refer to our subscribers as readers?"—because *Life* Magazine was more than that, in fact an American institution for 40 years, and precursor of much, good and bad, that was to come in journalism. Dora Jane Hamblin was a staffer from the late '40s until *Life*'s demise in 1972, and she seems to think that those were the magazine's golden years. I confess to believing the opposite: they were the beginning of its end, stylistically and financially. Its greatest decade was its first, from 1936 to the end of World War II, when, in spite of the heavy hand of Henry Luce, it inaugurated a novel approach to magazine coverage that was informative and entertaining. It was thicker then, more thorough, had more and better writing, and was comprehensive. By Dora Jane Hamblin's time it had degenerated to the picture book that justified the *New Yorker*'s attitude. Still, it seems to have been a delightful place to work, the last bastion of a tradition of journalistic enterprise that is now, in our bloodless technological age, quite dead. Television likes to pat itself on the back by saying that it brought Vietnam into the living rooms of America. But, so did *Life*, and *Life* was relentless and unsparing in its coverage of World War II, grand and squalid, proving that, as might be expected, it's the wars not the medium that counts.

Playing for Keeps in Washington by Laurence Leamer

(Dial; $10)

Since *The Mirrors of Washington* was published in the '20s, hacks with a touch of the poet have sought to examine the capital city of the United States, illuminating its mysterious ways by offering spurious portraits of its inhabitants. This is the latest, a curious, formless string of anecdotes and amateur psychoanalysis that seems to pick up somewhere in the middle of things and leaves us suspended in mid-air, a matchless collection of wrong dates and exhausted stories that promises little and delivers less. Leamer's selection is a little more eclectic than most: Edward Bennett Williams, Robert Byrd, Edward Kennedy, Henry Kissinger, Donald Rumsfeld, Michael Straight, Nancy Hanks, Phillip Burton, Ralph Nader, and assorted exaltees at the *Washington Post*. As New York declines and Washington rises it is probably inevitable that eyes should soon be fastened upon it. My only hope is that in the future they should be not only more jaundiced, but sharp and discriminating, too, able to distinguish the important from the banal, the significant from the dreary, always remembering that today's headline is tomorrow's half-column obituary. What do we learn from a series of disconnected woman's magazine pieces? Nothing. What will prevent the next reporter from typing up tomorrow's version of *Playing for Keeps in Washington*? Nothing.

The History of the German Resistance, 1933-1945 by Peter Hoffmann

(MIT Press; $19.95)

The German, said Churchill, is either at your feet or at your throat. Hitler, or so it would seem, might agree, for at all the decisive moments of his regime an active underground resistance lurked in the background—intellectuals, nationalist politicians, army officers, endlessly plotting and agonizing over the Fuhrer whom the bulk of the nation clearly revered.

This account mainly considers opposition to Hitler within the German army, an opposition which gathered strength through the war great enough to culminate in the nearly-successful July 1944 plot. There had been, from his assumption of power, opposition to Hitler within the army. He was not just a presumptuous Austrian corporal, but perceived correctly as one political leader who owed nothing and thought nothing of that bulwark of German nationalism, the Prussian-dominated army. Throughout the '30s he systematically "politicized" it by promoting sympathetic officers within the ranks and reducing the general staff to near impotence. By the beginning of the war a large number of general officers were committed to his demise, but for a variety of reasons, some of them quintessentially German, were hesitant to act: Hitler had gained power, through legitimate constitutional means, his successes in the war were immensely popular, and, after all, he had constructed an efficient and pervasive instrument of terror. This is a brilliant account of an extraordinary chapter in the annals of history and national character.

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The Way the Wind Blows by Alec Douglas-Home

(Quadrangle/New York Times; $10.95)

This is a chatty and informative volume by a politician of considerable charm and modesty—and who does not, to head off the riposte, have much to be modest about. He looks back upon his life, charmed and privileged as it was, with a mixture of Tory regret and aged thankfulness, wary of the future he is relieved he won't see, grateful for whatever Providence allowed him to witness. There is something of the singularity of British politics in Sir Alec's memoirs, the curious and indefinable mixture of intellect, class, religion, the honor and satisfaction of a political career, the public and private attitudes that make British political life unique and, to my mind, appealing. There are nearly as many photographs of hunting and fishing as Sir Alec nodding gravely with the high and mighty. There is a simple and compelling chapter on his religious beliefs; a persuasive defense of Neville Chamberlain, whom he served as parliamentary private secretary, numerous asides and observations that, taken together, nicely explain the whole man.

Philip Terzian

Reconsideration

Edwin Muir

The literary career of Edwin Muir, slow in starting, proved to be long, productive and diversified. When he died at the age of 71 in 1959 Muir was acclaimed as a major poet, and was known as a critical theorist, as a frequent reviewer of fiction and verse, as the first translator, with his wife, of Kafka into English, and as the author of a remarkable autobiography. The more than 20 books he published included novels, a portrait of John Knox, and studies of Scottish history and culture. Much of this body of work is marked by solid merit; but it is by virtue of two books, his *Collected Poems* and his Autobiography, that Muir's achievement is most likely to commend itself to future readers. Both of these have things to say which seem permanent in their power to disturb and to comfort.

An Autobiography is of indispensable help in interpreting Muir's poems. To read it together with his verse is to realize how determinedly the poet's imagination sought to give artistic expression to what he suffered, witnessed or performed. The life and the art are bound in an imaginative unity. And the events of Muir's life, even if he had related them with less artistry, would yet have a sufficient interest in themselves. It was his peculiar fate to recapitulate in his own experience the often dismaying course that Western history has taken in the past century-and-a-half. He was to become a traveler, not merely between places, but between epochs. He was born in 1887 in the Orkney Islands, and grew up on farms that industrialism had in no way touched. It was a childhood close to nature, instructed by folk wisdom and folk poetry, and visited by Wordsworthian exaltations and fears. It was probably the last such childhood an English-speaking poet is to have, and for Muir it was roughly interrupted at age 14 when his family was forced to give up farming and moved to the Scottish mainland, to Glasgow. That city, which even today harbors the worst slums in Western Europe, must have offered the darkest possible contrast to the island landscapes the boy was used to. His reasons for depression were soon increased by an incredible series of family misfortunes: within four years his father, his mother, and two of his brothers died painfully of various diseases. On his own, dogged by ill-health, Muir supported himself in a succession of dull, low-paying office jobs while he struggled to fill the gaps in his education. One of the jobs, clerking in the office of a factory where bones were reduced to charcoal, was worse than dull, the place having the look and smell of an infernal outpost.

> *The bones, decorated with festoons of slowly writhing, fat yellow maggots, lay in the adjoining railway siding . . . Raw, they had a strong, sour, penetrating smell. But it was nothing to the stench they gave off when they were shovelled along with the maggots into the furnaces. It was a gentle, clinging, sweet stench, suggesting dissolution and hospitals and slaughterhouses, the odour of drains, and the rancid stink of bad, roasting meat . . . . The workers in the factory . . . carried about with them everywhere the smell of sour fat . . . . They made free with the bones, humourously flinging them at one another as they sat at their midday meal in the bone-yard; the older ones cynically stirred their tea with a pointed dry bone.*

From such alienating experiences Muir sought relief in contemporary creeds. He became a Socialist, and an ardent disciple of Nietzsche. His first writings, which he afterward disowned, were sets of sour Nietzschean aphorisms. A turning point, which Muir described as "the most fortunate event in my life," was his marriage to Willa Anderson in 1919. The success of this marriage as well as some months of psychoanalysis bestowed on him an emotional stability that had not been his for years. He and his wife became a busy writing partnership, supporting themselves precariously but happily in England and on the continent by reviewing and translation.

At 35 Muir wrote his first poems. In poetry he came to terms with the sufferings of his youth. In addition it became for him a medium by which to contemplate with insight and sympathy the historical tragedies it was his lot to witness: the rise of Hitler, World War II, and the expansion of Stalinism—the Muirs were in Prague during the Soviet takeover in 1948. One of Muir's last and greatest poems, "The Horses," evokes with an eerie plausibility the state of the world after a nuclear war. By the end of his life the poet's callow, compensatory

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admiration for Nietzsche had been replaced by a devout, nonsectarian Christian faith which increasingly found expression in his verse. His religious lyrics and narratives, at once orthodox and deeply visionary, stand among the finest of their kind in the modern period. Placed at the end of his *Collected Poems*, they convey the same sense which the *Autobiography*'s final pages do, of a wanderer's having achieved an elusive and rewarding destination.

Our century's literary men have not been reticent to provide us with their memoirs. Among such books Muir's account of his physical and spiritual odyssey stands out for several reasons. Most immediately it may be distinguished by its style, whose strength and directness recalls the great masters of English prose. Muir's writing is generally quiet, understated, and yet its basic plainness is hospitable to moments of sublimity, reminding the reader of Bunyan and the Bible, or of Traherne and other models presently unfashionable. If the bone-yard passage offers a penetrating view of the grotesque, other portions of the book, particularly the memories of childhood, show as steady an eye for the beauty that can be lost in familiarity, the common sights of a farm. Muir remembers, for example, a pair of newborn lambs:

> *Some bloody, wet, rag-like stuff was lying on the grass, and a little distance away the two lambs were sprawling with their spindly legs doubled up. Everything looked soft and new—the sky, the sea, the grass, the two lambs, which seemed to have been cast up without warning on the turf; their eyes still had a bruised look, and their hoofs were freshly lacquered. They paid no attention to me when I went up to pat them, but kept turning their heads with sudden gentle movements which belonged to some other place.*

Or he recalls the island carpenter's building of a boat—"the bending of the boards in steam, the slow growth of the sides as one smooth ply of wood was set on another, the sides bulging in a more swelling curve from bow to stern as the days passed in delicious slowness, the curly shavings, the scent of wood and resin, and a pot of bubbling tar into which you could thrust your hand without being burned if you dipped your hand in water first." Muir writes with a similar freshness and precision about his inner life when he is discussing his intellectual and spiritual development or when he is describing the remarkable dreams which he first recorded during psychoanalysis and which later in some cases he made into poems. He is neither egotistical nor thoughtlessly gregarious: his vision is equally focussed whether it is turned upon himself or his world.

An awareness of both the inner and the outer life of man, and of the relation between the two, is in fact the central theme of Muir's *Autobiography*. The presence of a presiding theme which it fully articulates is another feature which sets the books decisively apart from most modern literary memoirs, which tend to be compendia of anecdotes and unreflective gossip. Muir has discerned an argument, a shape to the events of his life, and by pursuing this shape his story becomes not an assemblage of personal journalism but a unified work of art. The book's original and better title, *The Story and the Fable*, reflects the balance of Muir's concerns as an autobiographer. He explains:

> *It is clear that no autobiography can begin with a man's birth, that we extend far beyond any boundary line which we can set for ourselves in the past or the future, and that the life of every man is an endlessly repeated performance of the life of man. It is clear for the same reason that no autobiography can confine itself to conscious life, and that sleep, in which we pass a third of our existence, is a mode of experience, and our dreams a part of reality. In themselves our conscious lives may not be particularly interesting. But what we are not, and can never be, our fable, seems to me inconceivably interesting. I should like to write that fable, but I cannot even live it; and all I could do if I related the outward course of my life would be to show how I deviated from it; though even that is impossible, since I do not know the fable or anybody who knows it. One or two stages in it I can recognize: the age of innocence and the Fall and all the dramatic consequences which issue from the Fall.*

A childhood in the Orkneys, a stint in a bone factory, a fruitful marriage and the attainment of faith are Muir's unique experiences; but when placed against an archetypal pattern of Paradise, Fall and Redemption they communicate themselves vividly to his readers, for the archetypes are those which all men share, against which their lives are enacted and their works of art conceived. Skeptics might suggest that the mythical shape is something Muir has self-consciously imposed upon his history; he would insist that it was an order which he came only gradually to discern. There is no way of resolving such a dispute—who is to judge the degree of another's self-consciousness?—but the modesty and conviction of Muir's writing must convince most readers of his sincerity. His mature beliefs do not appear to have been abstractly held, but adopted as they were ratified by his own experience.

As with the *Autobiography*, myth provides much of Muir's poetry with coherence and accessibility. He writes, as we would expect, of the Biblical legends of Eden and the Fall, of the journeys of Abraham, and of the Christian mysteries. He also writes of the fall of Troy, of Prometheus, of the wanderings of Odysseus. In short, he unites his imagination to what used to be considered the common inheritance of the Western mind. Not a stylistic innovator, Muir nevertheless resembles the other great modernists, Eliot, Yeats, Pound and Joyce, in his deliberate invocation of tradition. The mythically sensitive imagination shared by these writers has not been much in evidence in more recent poetry. Too many poets seem determined not to read anything written more than five years ago. Denied the resonance which a knowledge of the tradition might afford, their poems run the risk of subsiding to a solipsistic buzz.

Muir's poems are not without faults. Their habitual plainness of style can at times be so unvaried as to be simply flat. They can be stylistically derivative: the early poems sometimes echo Wordsworth, the later ones Yeats. They can be stiff and mechanical in the use they make of their mythical subjects, so that archetypal figures are not reanimated but only marmoreally presented, as upon pious monuments. But in the better poems, not few in number, Muir achieves his ideal of merging personal knowledge with universal concern, and the results are memorable and moving. "The Good Man in Hell," "Reading in Wartime," "The Child Dying," "The Combat," "The Transfiguration," "The Annunciation," "The Horses," "The Brothers"—this is a list, which could easily be enlarged, of poems made to last. Throughout his verse Miur celebrates the indestructibility of the spirit in a world of chronic disaster. His aim in writing is to recover the human essence, man's original image obscured by the Fall; and indeed, as he says of the literature he admires, his poems prove able to "Retrieve the shape of man,/Lost and anonymous,/To find the original face,/The individual

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soul,/The eye, the lip, the brow/For ever gone from their place,/And gather an image whole." His prevailing attitude is one of "acceptance, gratitude" for life, however deeply life may be marked by tragedy. In "One Foot in Eden" he offers his personal version of the doctrine for the Fortunate Fall:

What had Eden ever to say
Of hope and faith and pity and love
Until was buried all its day
And the memory found its treasure trove?
Strange blessings never in Paradise
Fall from these beclouded skies.

This impluse toward reconciliation may be fully illustrated by quoting one of Muir's latest poems, "The Brothers." The poem records an actual dream Muir had toward the end of his life, a vision of the two brothers who had died when he was in his teens. Modest and graceful and yet forthrightly visionary, it is highly typical of the poet's later work. Its final declarative lines point firmly to the conviction that Muir's life and writing led him to: that the imagination, through its intuitive grasp upon immortality, is for ever capable of withstanding the numbing accidents of temporal existence—"the dateless mid-days of the law." Here is the poem, to end with:

Last night I watched my brothers play,
The gentle and the reckless one,
In a field two yards away.
For half a century they were gone
Beyond the other side of care
To be among the peaceful dead.
Even in a dream how could I dare
Interrogate that happiness
So wildly spent yet never less?
For still they raced about the green
And were like two revolving suns;
A brightness poured from head to head,
So strong I could not see their eyes
Or look into their paradise.
What were they doing, the happy ones?
Yet where I was they once had been.

I thought, how could I be so dull,
Twenty thousand days ago,
Not to see they were beautiful?
I asked them, Were you really so
As you are now, that other day?
And the dream was soon away.

For then we played for victory
And not to make each other glad.
A darkness covered every head,
Frowns twisted the original face,
And through that mask we could not see
The beauty and the buried grace.

I have observed in foolish awe
The dateless mid-days of the law
And seen indifferent justice done
By everyone on everyone.
And in a vision I have seen
My brothers playing on the green.

Robert B. Shaw

Robert B. Shaw teaches English at Yale.

"...a taste of fiddling and piping is unbecoming a man of fashion."

Thus Lord Chesterfield to his son, warning him that, while in Venice, he should spend his time on art and sculpture and not on music which was connected "with nothing that I know of but bad company."

Martin Luther, however, would not have agreed. "I have always been fond of music," he wrote. "Whoever is proficient in this art is a good man fit for all things." Of course, Luther was no man of fashion. And here is Victorian pundit Frederic Harrison weighing in with his kind word for music as the art "most deeply connected with the moral side of civilization... the art which specially concerns all social reformers and popular teachers."

In **PLEASURES OF MUSIC**, Jacques Barzun has gathered a delightful anthology of writings about the aims and powers of music, the pleasures of hearing and playing it, legends, anecdotes, correspondence, and bon mots about "this most sociable of the arts."

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The Back of the Book

Nixon at Colonus

Praise and fame come easy in America, and can sustain themselves at remarkable heights. Alex Haley, the latest example, has aroused such public love that a Harlem family imperiled its first born by naming him Kunta; and the Trailways Bus Co. has just issued a pamphlet that "helps you find your own family's roots." The National Book Award and Pulitzer committees mocked Haley and themselves, in my opinion, by giving *Roots* special citations out of category, thus characterizing it as separate but equal. Still, *Roots* is a pretty good book, and Haley does deserve credit for taking on an important, original task—though not nearly so much credit as he's given.

Edward Gibbon also took on an important, original task in *The History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, yet all he got from the Duke of Gloucester upon presenting the Duke with a first edition of the second volume was "Always scribble, scribble, scribble. Eh, Mr. Gibbon?" Gibbon's bad luck was not to work in America where one can not only climb instantly to the top of the heap, but climb and climb again. The other side of the heap, however, is that

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one can fall just as far just as fast; and while nobody seems to question the merits of American ups, the downs aren't questioned either. It isn't really that "there are no second acts in American lives"; merely that no one wants to look at them.

Romans may have suffered both a decline and fall, but Americans, in the public eye at least, know only instantaneous failures. I'm not just thinking of people who were up for a while and were suddenly toppled by scandal, like Fatty Arbuckle (for debauchery), Diana Barrymore (for drink), Gene Krupa (for drugs), Richard Whitney (for stock fraud), Bill Tilden (for homosexuality), and Shoeless Joe Jackson (for bribery); but also those misfortunates who were up and down in the same season, almost in the same breath: the forgettable Nina van Pallandt, Jean Seberg, Melvin Dummar (Howard Hughes's gas station attendant), Julius La Rosa, whom Arthur Godfrey fired on the air for "disobedience"; and wretched young whats-his-name a few years back who having inherited some millions wanted to buy off the war in Vietnam, and wound up strumming a guitar on the Ed Sullivan Show shortly before blowing his brains out.

Then there was Sister Elizabeth McAlister who having won fame for dousing draft records with blood, was later arrested for shoplifting a buzz saw. And most recently, Barbara Walters who succeeded and failed simultaneously.

Some of these people earned their original successes, some didn't, and most were more sinned against than sinning; but for all their differences they had this in common: that when they fell from public favor, they fell with a thud, and that as soon as this happened the same public which moments before had been so eager to toot horns and ogle, suddenly averted its gaze from them like vampires from a cross, treating failures as it treats lepers, the aged or the dying (say it isn't so, Joe). There seems to be no public sense in America that failure is a process, that it is at least as important as success, and that it can be earned as assiduously.

Nixon, of all people, has recently done something to improve these matters. What little else his four interviews with David Frost accomplished in the way of hard news or revised impressions, they did provide a chance to consider failure in the abstract, painful and embarrassing as it often was. To observe this self-deceiving man fall in slow motion, his possibilities of failure seeming as infinite as his possibilities of success must once have seemed, was very close to watching genuine tragedy. For a people used to calling the smallest mishaps tragic, it was a useful occasion.

Of course, Nixon isn't really a tragic figure. Real tragedy involves more than a fall from power; it requires the intensity of a conspicuous life—a force that threatens (promises) extinction, and a life that fights back, holds fate off for a time, in which the audience comes to admire that life, and eventually to weep for its defeat. Few can weep for Nixon's defeat because his "tragic flaw" encompasses his whole character. He has never cared for anything more significant than professional survival, and so while carrying the seed of his inevitable destruction within him (that fantastic inability to tell the truth), has shown no straining in his life except away from those private fears which have brought him high and low repeatedly.

In fact, until these recent appearances Nixon had been seen more often as a comic, if not a funny, character; his failure, a classic pratfall, the banana peel for the man who strives too hard, too long for some goal, and takes one giant step in the wrong direction. So it is, under a variety of circumstances, for other sudden public failures. Their momentum broken (by Watergate, Arthur Godfrey, or a buzz saw), they immediately play comedy.

The Frost interviews changed that for a moment, for Nixon and for us. They focused at length on a man who is down, and relentlessly showed why, Nixon leading the way into the causes of his defeats. Perhaps the most revealing part of the process was that Nixon does not yet realize how down he is. On the first interview he told Frost, "I know that my political career is over." Who but someone who didn't really believe it would say such a thing?

Nixon is a failure for precisely the same reason we usually deny the importance, even the sight, of failure ourselves. Stuck to a passion for success, he has become the prime example of that vice, the vice he could never see, and which coincidentally we might never have seen so clearly without having been able to watch his prolonged agonies. Odd that in his lowest state he is more interesting, more valuable, in a way more powerful than he was at the top.

Roger Rosenblatt

TRB, *from page 2*

administration has decided that there is too much danger of international nuclear proliferation, that we need more experience with plants like that at Clinch River, which was supposed to be an experimental prototype. It has made this the "bad" reactor.

In this fantastic world there is another problem: you can't dispose of spent fuel in the ordinary sense, it can't be absorbed by the environment or dumped into a river, say, to let the fish play with the gamma rays. It has an active life of around 100,000 years. What do you do with it—bury it? Presently it is stored (usually under water) for some decision to be taken. The ocean? Caves? Shot into space? Those details have to be worked out.

A group of reputable scientists brought together by the Ford-Mitre Foundation, in a 1977 paperback, *Nuclear Power Issues and Choices*, (Ballinger; $6.95) reaches the same conclusion as President Carter:

> *In these circumstances, we believe that reprocessing should be deferred indefinitely by the United States and no effort should be made to subsidize the completion or operation of existing facilities.*

From Australia, rich in uranium ore, come similar recommendations by a trio of students led by prize-winning nuclear scientist Stuart Butler. They differentiate between the "good" and the "bad" reactor, too, the former called the thermal reactor. "The thermal reactor," they say, "with all its problems, does offer, in our opinion, an acceptable source of electricity generation." The second type? "We are totally opposed to the introduction of breeder reactors for power production at this stage."

Schlesinger makes a final practical argument—that apart from "foreign policy considerations," the huge Clinch River breeder reactor isn't cost-effective and may not be till the price of energy goes a lot higher. The estimated future need for uranium, he says, is down to less than a third of what it was when Clinch River was authorized.

And so it's up to Congress.

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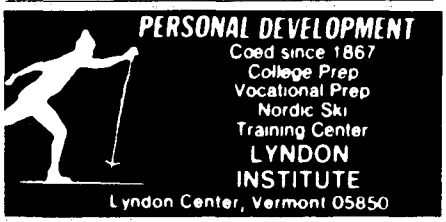

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San Francisco Diarist

Pushing Books

Seattle aside, San Francisco may be our most distinctively beautiful city. Coming back to what we used to call Frisco (which no one does any more), I wondered what had ever prevailed on me to make my life and work in the east, apparently for good. When it was over 90 degrees in Washington—maybe it won't sound so hot when we're all on the Celsius scale—it was about 70 degrees here. As of this writing, northern California is in the midst of a drought, which has brought out among the locals a fervent civic spirit to conserve water. It's contagious. Water is appreciated here. Even when it is plentiful it never has the soggy-clothes effect of summers in Washington.

I was here for the American Booksellers' Association convention. The largest ever, it was, we were told, the first west of Chicago. It reminded me of the annual conventions of the Modern Language Association I used to go to when I was a graduate student. That is, it is a market for wares—though, unlike the MLA, not human ones. Publishers bring their books, book wholesalers their order blanks, the smaller booksellers their more carefully selective eyes and uncertain minds. The magazines were represented by their advertising personnel; hence my presence. There weren't many writers in attendance. One who did show up was Colleen McCullough whose *Thorn Birds* (Harper & Row) was a walk-away best seller even before it was published. Without a lot of writers, there was more room for thousands of agents. They are out of place because they are selling the distant future when everyone's attention was riveted on the fall season, which starts right now. Just like in dresses.

The literary elite entertains in strange ways. *The New York Review of Books* gave a party in a grandly proportioned, tastelessly done-up mansion, owned by a Mrs. Hitchcock, with the same spectacular views of Sausalito and Alcatraz. A small counter-culture claque came down from Berkeley, but neither Robert Silvers nor Jason Epstein was here to entertain them. They had to make do with *NYR* publisher A. Whitney Ellsworth who sheepishly tried to make the best of the garish surroundings he had chosen by laughing at them. The style was '20s rococo: flecked marble and dark wood balustrades and carvings, cherubs, angels, *tchatchkes*, cuspidors, paintings on velvet and long sequined gowns draped over just about anything. At least two transvestites (I think), including a look-alike for Anita Bryant, were also draped here, there and everywhere. Especially invited, I gather. It's been the *Review*'s function for years to bring the chic and the street together—at parties.

The house was a shrine to the memory of John F. Kennedy. If the hostess had her way, it might be made Kennedy Library West. The memorabilia and hagiographies placed with meticulous carelessness on tables, breakfronts, mantelpieces. A head of JFK—that awful one at the Kennedy Center in Washington that makes his face seem like it's afflicted by shingles—dominated one room. The Kennedy leitmotif starts some whispering. Who is this Mrs. Hitchcock? Someone remembers her name, then almost everyone does. She'd last appeared in the prints contesting Judith Exner's pride of place at the side of history. It was all small potatoes compared to when and where she, Joan Hitchcock, had been at the very same side. The *NYR* rented the house and some of its inhabitants for the occasion.

The book business, it appears as one strolls down the aisles, seems to concentrate on self-help. How to stay thin, get thin. How to stay healthy, get healthy, live longer, or be happy with your misery. How to get divorced, stay divorced, even a few on how to stay married. How to get rich or get by. At least one book on mortgaging one's poverty. Planting gardens—less organic, I think, than in past years. How to deal with aging parents (as if there were other kinds), children, neighbors, pets. Many books on pets. More almost than on people. Depression, loneliness and death. Grief is big. The death of parents, of children, of siblings, of therapists, of pets. Wills and other ways of keeping the IRS away from one's posterity. The new religions still are big. Ecumenical ecstasy available—for $8.95 and up. Take command over others, yourself, mostly over your appetite. Cookbooks: food is the national obsession. Books about the rich are in this year. Such books sell well during difficult times.

The publishers still are most proud of their serious books. They lavish care on them, even love. Many book houses are now just another line on a conglomerate's ledger. The self-help is the bread and butter, the green light on the traffic lamp. But the history and biography, the *belles lettres* and the arts are the joy of the work. It's a compromise still very far away from the limits of tolerable corruptibility.

An editor at Aperture asked that the convention organizers award a prize to the publisher whose stock is ripped off fastest. He's sure his firm would win hands down. That should be no surprise. Specializing in photography, *Aperture* publishes exquisite books by photographers who matter with texts that teach modestly and wisely. The house's *Lewis Hine and America* is a case in point. The most successful illustrated books are no longer the coffee-table specials. A more sophisticated reading audience has cut those down, despite their huge size, to their small meaning. Which still leaves us this summer and fall with many books of faithfully reproduced art and photography, that genuinely uplift, instruct and please. That's certainly true of *Faces* by Ben Maddow (NY Graphic Society-Little, Brown), a narrative history of the portrait in photography; Marc Chagall's *Daphnis and Chloé* (Braziller), his last work done especially to be held between covers; Alexander Calder's autobiography with pictures (Pantheon); a heart-searing diary with photographs and text from the Lodz ghetto (Schocken); and the *ne plus ultra*, two volumes of the paintings of J. M. W. Turner (Yale).

As we entered Mrs. Hitchcock's house, we were asked to put our names on a long sheet of yellow paper. By the time I got there five or six of them had been filled. "No, it's not a guest book; it's for the insurance company," a lively young woman from *NYR* informed me. If some piece of tarnished silver were swiped, I wondered, would they come after all of us? Or would they start first with those street people they'd brought along to show how well high art and low camp can mix? By the way, they don't—or at least they didn't at this party.

B.N.

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"This weatherization program will make a significant contribution to reducing the rate at which we waste energy in the United States."

Bob Bergland
Secretary of Agriculture

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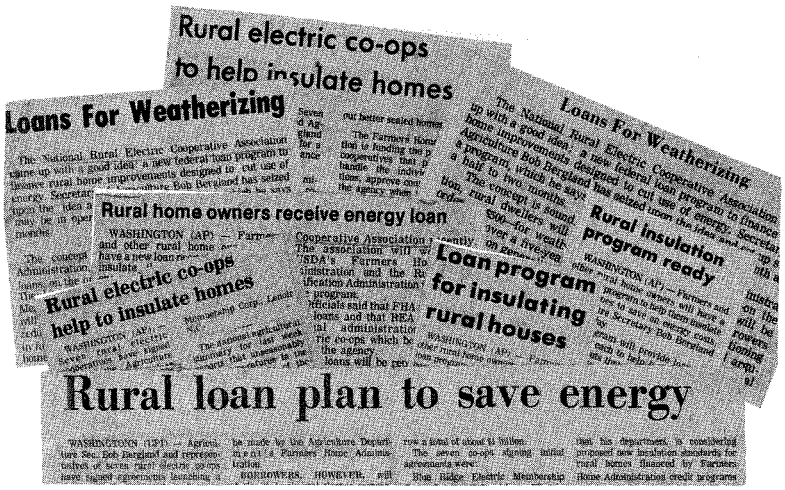
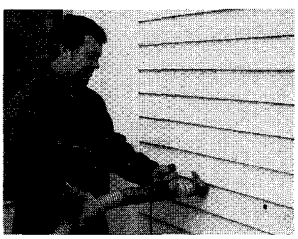
Energy conservation— rural electric cooperatives take the lead

Early this year, rural electric leaders and the U.S. Department of Agriculture developed a program to save energy by helping millions of consumers insulate and weatherize their homes. (It's estimated that weatherizing all U.S. homes and buildings could save 30 percent of the energy now consumed for heating and cooling.)

This program, now well underway, is one of a series of plans and projects rural electric systems are undertaking to help our nation work toward a realistic, comprehensive energy policy.


Rural electric co-ops to help insulate homes
Loans For Weatherizing
Rural home owners receive energy loan
Rural electric co-ops help to insulate homes
Loan program for insulating rural houses
Rural insulation program ready
Rural loan plan to save energy

It's action in keeping with the rural electric pioneering tradition . . . with one of their national policy statements: "We recognize that our country's progress and well-being depend in no small measure upon our own initiative. We resolve to use our own resources and our own hard work for the benefit of citizens of this country."



Adams Electrical Cooperative, Camp Point, Ill., in the 1950's began a program of home insulation for consumers who were installing electric heat. Today, in cooperation with the Farmers Home Administration, Adams is expanding the program to cover all types of heating and cooling.

America's rural electric systems

For more information on rural electric energy positions and the weatherization program, write Dept A, National Rural Electric Cooperative Association, 2000 Florida Ave., N.W., Washington, D.C. 20009.

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